

# THE LIVING AGE.

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} FROM BEGINNING  
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**BATTLE.****I.—UNDER FIRE.**

We eat our breakfast lying on our  
backs,  
Because the shells were screeching  
overhead.

I bet a rasher to a loaf of bread  
That Hull United would beat Halifax  
When Jimmy Stainthorpe played full  
back instead

Of Billy Bradford. Ginger raised his  
head,

And cursed, and took the bet—and  
dropt back dead.

We eat our breakfast lying on our  
backs,

Because the shells were screeching  
overhead.

**II.—THE MESSAGES.**

"I cannot quite remember . . . There  
were five

Dropt dead beside me in the trench—  
and three

Whispered their dying messages to  
me . . ."

Back from the trenches, more dead  
than alive,

Stone-deaf and dazed, and with a  
broken knee,

He hobbled slowly, muttering vacantly:

"I cannot quite remember . . . There  
were five

Dropt dead beside me in the trench—  
and three

Whispered their dying messages to  
me . . .

"Their friends are waiting, wondering  
how they thrive—

Waiting a word in silence pa-  
tiently . . .

But what they said, or who their  
friends may be

"I cannot quite remember . . . There  
were five

Dropt dead beside me in the trench—  
and three

Whispered their dying messages to  
me . . ."

*Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.*

*The Nation.*

**THE MEN OF ULSTER.**

What of the men of Ulster? Will they  
merely stand in the gate,  
On watch and ward for the Province,  
in the hour of England's fate?  
Would they be men of Ulster, were  
such their Captain's call,  
To reck of naught but themselves  
alone, though the Empire stand  
or fall?

Dear to the men of Ulster are her  
sunlit fields and bays,

The whirr of the loom, and the ham-  
mer's ring, and the harvest of  
tolling days;

And dearer yet is the birthright, won  
by their sires of old,

Their heritage for ever, not to be  
bought or sold.

But dearest to men of Ulster is the  
Empire's far-flung line,

Where her sons have sped, and toiled  
and bled, 'neath the palm-tree  
and the pine;

Where White has fought and Dufferin  
wrought, and their spirits hover  
still,

Bidding to deeds of high emprise, and  
valor, and iron will.

So, forward the men of Ulster for the  
Empire and the King!

Though their own fate be in debate,  
no thought of wavering!

The sword half-drawn on her own be-  
hoof in Ulster's red right hand

Will leap from the scabbard and flash  
like fire, for the common Mother-  
land.

What of the men of Ulster? Hark to  
their armed tread,

As they turn their backs on the  
Province, and face to the front  
instead.

And wherever the fight is hottest, and  
the sorest task is set,

Ulster will strike for England—and  
England will not forget!

*F. S. Boas.*

*The Spectator.*

## ORGANIZED LABOR AND THE WAR.

We are indebted to the frankness and the singular *naïveté* of German publicists, diplomatists, military men, for the German forecast of the dangers, external and internal, that were to bring about the downfall of our Empire, should we ever commit the tragical folly of engaging in a European war. Our army, they have told us, in face of the invincible legions that would be arrayed against it, was negligible; our fleet was to be first of all dismayed and enfeebled by subtle and fearless attack, beneath and above the water, and then, reduced to something like an equality, to be destroyed in a great decisive battle. As to the danger within our frontiers, the subject races of India would rise *en masse* against our hated rule; our oversea Dominions would celebrate the hour of danger for the mother-country by promptly cutting the painter and setting up as independent nations; in Ireland—since England's danger was notoriously Ireland's opportunity—the balance must inevitably swing down to Civil War; and finally, the menace of industrial unrest, growing like a thundercloud, would certainly break out in bloody revolution.

How far these clear and confident prophecies have been fulfilled is common knowledge; but the attitude and action of organized Labor, its unanimity and patriotism in the hour of crisis, deserve fuller recognition than has as yet been accorded to them.

Fully to understand the action of Labor upon and since the outbreak of war, it is necessary to survey the ante-war conditions. These were serious enough to serve, at least in the eyes of an alien enemy, as a portent of revolution. Several extensive strikes were not only in existence but were spreading; more were threatened; the atti-

tude of organized Labor throughout the country may fairly be described as sullen and menacing. But the most serious menace of all was to be found precisely among those bodies of Labor whose hearty and unanimous co-operation was essential to the Government and the Fighting Services in the early and most hazardous stages of the war. Had the fleet been hung up for coal and supplies, had the transport of troops by rail, dockside and sea been blocked or seriously impeded, the consequences might well have been disastrous.

Before the outbreak of war an agreement had been entered into between the Miners' Federation, the Railwaymen, and the National Transport Workers' Federation, to the effect that, should the vital interests of any one of these three bodies, in the opinion of their common executive, be threatened, then, by consent of the general bodies of all three, common action would be taken, and a general strike be called. This federation is aptly termed by Labor men their Triple Alliance. It covers the coal supply of the kingdom, its railways, the handling of cargo at the dockside and wharves, the manning of our merchantmen, the bargemen and lightermen, and every kind of land transport beyond the railways. The workers of the Triple Alliance conduct the most vital services of the country, and form an organized army of some two million men. Had conflict arisen—and in the view of responsible leaders it seemed likely enough—for instance, over the Railwaymen's Charter, the Miners' Minimum Wage, or the question of employment of Chinamen and coolies on British ships, then these bodies would have made common cause.

Thus the Triple Alliance of Labor was actually preparing, a few months

ago, for a vast industrial struggle. Then came the war, which was to justify, or otherwise, the German prophecy of industrial paralysis, chaos and revolution. What happened? Miners, railwaymen, dockers, seafarers of every kind, and every sort of vehicle-worker, were on a sudden called upon to work, many of them overtime, at gathering in and sending forth our Expeditionary Force and making ready the fleet. As everyone now knows, our army was entrained, shipped, and disembarked upon the Continent with quite incomparable smoothness and celerity, and without the loss of a single man or horse. Upon the testimony, given to the present writer, of several higher officials of the Trade Unions, whose members rendered this remarkable service to the State, the Unions had it in their power to paralyze mobilization and the transport of troops, and so to justify the forecast of the German Emperor and his ad-

visers. Had the requisite skilled labor been withdrawn *en masse*, or even to any considerable extent sectionally withheld, no power on earth could have replaced it in time; and disaster must inevitably have overtaken us. The following words, spoken to the writer by Mr. J. E. Williams, General Secretary of the Railwaymen's Union, faithfully describe the attitude of organized Labor throughout the country in the national crisis:

"They (the workers) had it in their power at least to make trouble; but they also knew and acted upon the maxim that no section of the community is greater than the community itself. They subordinated their personal interests to the interests of the Nation."

By way of indicating broadly the industrial conditions of the country before and since the war, the following table, taken from "The Board of Trade Labor Gazette" for September, is conclusive:

Groups of trades.	No. of disputes.	No. of workpeople involved.		
		Directly.	Indirectly.	Total.
Building . . . . .	2	160	10	170
Coal mining . . . . .	2	1,304	—	1,304
Engineering . . . . .	3	76	—	76
Shipbuilding . . . . .	1	17	—	17
Other metal . . . . .	2	151	—	151
Transport . . . . .	2	62	5	67
Other Trades . . . . .	3	205	14	219
<hr/>		<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total, Aug. 1914 . . . . .	15	1,975	29	2,004
<hr/>		<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total, July 1914 . . . . .	99	45,747	3,623	49,370
<hr/>		<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total, Aug. 1913 . . . . .	102	36,370	14,162	50,532

That is to say, in mid-July a number of serious strikes were in progress, and, as has already been shown, far more serious trouble was threatening; a month later the strikers were back at work, and there was no industrial trouble worth mentioning in the country.

The action of Labor's Triple Alliance in shutting down strikes and

standing by the Government in the national crisis is typical of the action of all the other Trade Unions of the Kingdom. On August 24 there was a joint meeting of representatives of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress, the General Federation of Trade Unions, and the Executive Committee of the Labor Party—bodies which represent prac-



tically the whole of organized Labor in the country. This meeting resolved: (1) to make immediate efforts to stop, and subsequently to avoid during the war, all strikes and lock-outs; (2) to urge upon the Government various measures for the relief of distress and unemployment caused by the war. This joint action by the leaders of Labor may seem at first sight to have been taken somewhat tardily, that is to say, three weeks after the outbreak of hostilities. But investigation shows that measures for bringing about industrial peace were promptly put in hand, practically by the whole body of organized Labor, as well as by the employers, immediately upon the outbreak of war. The action of the three central committees above-named was taken in due course, and promptly, upon the mandate of the individual Unions to their leaders. The resolutions passed by the central committees were laid before the Prime Minister; and similar resolutions, varied in accordance with local needs and conditions, were passed by all the great Trade Unions.

To follow in detail the process by which industrial peace and loyal unanimity were substituted for grave industrial unrest would be impossible save within very wide limits. No more is attempted in this paper than to draw general attention to the broad fact that, when war broke out, men and masters were seriously at odds, while much heavier trouble was brewing; but that at the call of national duty, they forthwith composed their differences and agreed to let them rest till such time as our enemies should be brought to submission.

Two examples, typical of many more, may be given. A serious building strike broke out in London last January. The trouble had been brewing since August 1912, and the causes of disagreement were deep-rooted and

were regarded, on both sides, as vital. The issues, moreover, were exceedingly complex, for, on the men's side, at least eight large Trade Unions were deeply involved. The London Master Builders' Association contended that the Unions had struck repeatedly in breach of certain agreements as to non-discrimination between union and non-Union labor. This charge the Unions repelled. At a conference held on December 23, 1913, the Employers' Association proposed the formation of a trust fund, both sides to be penalized in case of violation of working rules. The conference broke down; other proposals and counter-proposals for the settlement of the outstanding troubles came to naught; and on January 24 of the present year work ceased almost entirely in the branches of the trade affected. Matters went from bad to worse. Delegates of masters and men conferred separately with the National Conciliation Board on June 8, and an agreement was reached; but, with a few exceptions, the Unions involved showed a large majority against accepting the proposals. Further efforts were made to bring about sectional settlements, but these also proved abortive. Finally, the National Federation of Building Trade Employers agreed by a large majority upon a national lock-out, unless the dispute were settled by August 15. Before this date, however, war was declared; and on August 6 the men went back to work on the masters' terms; the latter, however, conceding that certain points should be submitted to the Augmented Conciliation Board for final decision.

The second example to which we will refer is that of the dock strike at Liverpool, which, had it lasted, would have held up, for an indefinite period, the trade of that port. But, like the building strike, it came to an end on the outbreak of war. The following

account is taken from "The Board of Trade Labor Gazette" for last month:—

"On July 13 men in the employment of the Mersey Docks and Harbor Board ceased work; and within a few days various other sections of the workpeople also came out, numbering in all about 3000, their demands including a claim for recognition of the trade unions concerned. The dispute continuing at the end of July, application was made on behalf of the workpeople for the presence of an officer of the Chief Industrial Commissioner's Department in Liverpool to deal with the matter. On Aug. 4 and the following day an officer of the Department interviewed representatives of the Board at Liverpool; the Chief Industrial Commissioner also saw a representative of the men in London. Various suggestions were made; and a settlement of the dispute was arrived at on the night of Aug. 6 after a conference between the General Manager and the union representatives of the Board's employees. The Agreement provided for the resumption of work on Aug. 7 of all classes of men, so far as wanted, and for the Board's men to be reinstated as and when their services are required. It was also provided that on and after Jan. 1, 1915, or on and after such earlier date upon which the war might be concluded, any questions between the Board and their men should be considered and discussed in accordance with procedure laid down in the Agreement. The present rates of pay and hours of labor were to obtain in the meantime."

Since then the Liverpool dockers, through their General Secretary, Councillor James Sexton, J.P., have received the cordial thanks of the Lords of the Admiralty, for expediting the work of coaling ships during the phenomenal pressure caused by the war.

In like manner, as the published reports have shown, all the great bodies of Labor, whose ready co-operation

was essential to swift mobilization and transport of our Fighting Services, have earned and received the thanks of the Government, the War Office, and the Admiralty, for a vital service incomparably well done. Lord Kitchener, speaking in the House of Lords on September 17, warmly expressed his "thanks to the public spirit of all grades in the various industries affected . . . who are devoting all their energies to the task." In short, organized Labor, despite all fears and misgivings to the contrary, has proved itself, in the hour of danger, like other sections of the community, sound, steady, and loyal to the core. The rights and wrongs of the industrial disputes which have been so happily closed do not enter into the discussion. The point is that the crisis found the country face to face with grave industrial peril; and that the overwhelming majority of men and masters loyally and promptly closed their ranks, and faced the greater peril from without, showing a single mind, heart and purpose to the common enemy. Trade Union leaders are now travelling about the country, in alliance with leading men of every class, creed and opinion, declaring that we are embarked upon a just war—a war that, if our national institutions and liberties are to be preserved, must be fought to a finish—and urging their fit men to recruit. And the men respond to the call.

In the matter of the supply of funds for the relief of distress caused by the war, Labor, according to its means, is giving generously; and in the dispensation of relief, Trade Union members and officials (and notably the women) are ceaselessly busy. It is right that this should be so; and the more the aid and counsel of these men and women are invoked, the better. None know better the needs and the deserts of those in distress than their own fel-

lows; and the industry, integrity and organizing power of Trade Union officials are unquestionable. Hitherto remarkably little use has been made of the assistance which these officials alone can give, both on central and local committees; and the work is being done, in the main, by persons who in these matters are amateurs. As the war goes on, the amount of distress, and consequently of relief work, will inevitably increase; and it is, in our opinion, indispensable that on every Relief Committee, wherever possible, there should be one or more Labor men and women.

There is the more need just now that the loyal attitude of Labor in the hour of supreme national danger should be generally recognized, because, more especially of late, the acts and utterances of certain prominent Labor men, and of certain active and accomplished sympathizers with what is broadly termed the Labor Movement, have tended to foster in the popular mind the anticipation that, in a time of national emergency, Labor in the mass would not stand where it stands now—solidly with the Government and the Nation. But we must observe that the active speakers who have caught the ear of the public have recently been shown to be far from representing the masses. They are not the true leaders of organized Labor. This is not the time for any outsider, or even for the expert, to examine in detail the essential divergences in regard to national policy between the Socialist and anti-militarist Labor wing, and the purely industrial Trade Union section. Such divergences are primarily the business of Labor; and no doubt, in the fulness of time, their causes and consequences will be authoritatively cleared up. Still, the existence of a schism within the ranks of Labor is public property; and attention may fairly be drawn to

it here. Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., speaking in Parliament on August 3, condemned in no vague terms the diplomacy of Sir Edward Grey, and raised his voice in favor of neutrality. Immediately afterwards Mr. MacDonald resigned the parliamentary leadership of the Labor Party. Why, precisely, he resigned, is the affair of the Labor men, to be made public if and when they choose; for the time they are, wisely and patriotically, keeping the story of this resignation to themselves. But, in the light of what Labor has done and is doing for the national cause, it is impossible not to connect the speech with the resignation.

We stand to-day an united people, of one heart and purpose in a tremendous national emergency, resolved to fight and endure until decisive victory is with us and our Allies. Not least among the fruits of that victory will be the clearer understanding of one another amongst all sections and peoples of the Nation and the Empire—an understanding born of a common loyalty and steadfastness in the hour of trial. When victory is ours and peace is with us again, we shall, no doubt, as becomes a sound and lusty people, take up our traditional domestic quarrels where we left them. But, because of this new sympathy and clearer understanding, it may be hoped that we shall not quarrel with the old-time bitterness and obstinacy. Labor and Capital will have worked and fought and suffered together for the common cause; and if, by and by, they fall out again—as no doubt they will—there will surely be less malignity in their contests. Even the enemies of Trade Unionism—if there be any left among us now—may find a happy portent in the fact, that in the outburst of loyalty in the House of Commons at the close of the Session, it was Mr. Will Crooks—unorthodox,

best-beloved of Labor men—who gave the lead which every Member followed,

*The Quarterly Review.*

and sang with heart and voice, "God Save the King."

## THOUGHTS ON THE WAR.

I. "Not much news: Great Britain has declared war on Austria." The words fell quite simply, and with no intention of irony, from the lips of a friend of mine who picked up the newspaper on the day when I began to write down these thoughts, 13th August. So amazingly had the world changed since the 4th. And it has changed even more by the time when I revise the proofs.

During the month of July and earlier, English politics were by no means dull. For my own part, my mind was profoundly occupied with a number of public questions and causes: the whole maintenance of law and democratic government seemed to be threatened, not to speak of social reform and the great self-redeeming movements of the working-class. In the forefront came anxiety for Home Rule and the Parliament Act, and a growing indignation against various classes of "wreckers"; those reactionaries who seemed to be playing with rebellion, playing with militarism, recklessly inflaming the party spirit of the rich so as to make parliamentary government impossible; those revolutionaries who were openly preaching the Class War and urging the working man to mistrust his own leaders and representatives and believe in nothing but some helpless gospel of hate.

And now that is all swept away. We think no more of our great causes, and we think no more of our mutual hatreds. Good and evil come together. Our higher ideals are forgotten, but we are a band of brothers standing side by side.

This is a great thing. The fine in-

stinctive generosity with which the House of Commons, from Mr. Bonar Law to Mr. Redmond, rose to the crisis has spread an impulse over the country. There is a bond of fellowship between Englishmen who before had no meeting ground. In time past I have sometimes envied the working men who can simply hail a stranger as "mate": we dons and men of letters seem in ordinary times to have no "mates" and no gift for getting them. But the ice between man and man is broken now.

I think, too, that the feeling between different classes must have softened. Rich business men, whom I can remember a short time ago bitterly and tediously eloquent on the vices of Trades-Unionists and of the working classes in general, are now instantly and without hesitation making large sacrifices and facing heavy risks to see that as few men as possible shall be thrown out of work and that no women and children shall starve. And working men who have not money to give are giving more than money, and giving it without question or grudge. Thank God, we did not hate each other as much as we imagined; or else, while the hatred was real enough on the surface, at the back of our minds we loved each other more.

And the band of brothers is greater and wider than any of us dared to believe. Many English hearts must have swelled with almost incredulous gratitude to hear of the messages and the gifts which come flooding in from all the dominions overseas: the gold, the grain, the sugar, the tobacco; its special produce coming from each State,

and from all of them throngs of young men offering their strength and their life-blood. And India above all! One who has cared much about India and has friends among Indian Nationalists cannot read with dry eyes the messages that come from all races and creeds of India, from Hindu and Moslem societies, from princes and holy men and even political exiles. . . . We have not always been sympathetic in our government of India; we have not always been wise. But we have tried to be just; and we have given to India the best work of our best men. It would have been hard on us if India had shown no loyalty at all; but she has given us more than we deserved, more than we should have dared to claim. Neither Indian nor Englishman can forget it.

II. And there is something else. Travellers who have returned from France or Belgium—or Germany for that matter—tell us of the unhesitating heroism with which the ordinary men and women are giving themselves to the cause of their nation. A friend of mine heard the words of one Frenchwoman to another who was setting her husband's train off to the front: "*Ne pleurez pas, il vous voit encore.*" When he was out of sight the tears might come! . . . Not thousands but millions of women are saying words like that to themselves, and millions of men going out to face death.

We in England have not yet been put to the same test as France and Belgium. We are in the flush of our first emotion; we have not yet had our nerves shaken by advancing armies, or our endurance ground down by financial distress. But, as far as I can judge of the feelings of people whom I meet, they seem to me to be ready to answer any call that comes. We ask for 200,000 recruits and receive 300,000. We ask for more still, and the recruiting offices are over-

flowing. They cannot cope with the crowds of young men who cheerfully wait their turn at the office doors or on the pavement, while fierce old gentlemen continue to scold them in the newspapers. Certainly we are a quaint people.

And in the field! A non-combatant stands humbled before the wonderful story of the retreat from Mons—the gallantry, the splendid skill, the mutual confidence of all ranks, the absolute faithfulness. One hardly dares praise such deeds; one admires them in silence. And it is not the worshippers of war who have done this; it is we, the good-natured, un-militarist, ultra-liberal people, the nation of humanitarians and shopkeepers.

Our army, indeed, is a professional army. What the French and the Belgians have done is an even more significant fact for civilization. It shows that the cultured, progressive, easy-living, peace-loving nations of Western Europe are not corrupted, at least as far as courage goes. The world has just seen them, bourgeois and working men, clerks, schoolmasters, musicians, grocers, ready in a moment when the call came; able to march and fight for long hours under a scorching sun; willing, if need be, to die for their homes and countries, with no panic, no softening of the fibre . . . resolute to face death and to kill.

III. For there is that side of it too. We have now not only to strain every nerve to help our friend—we must strain every nerve also to injure our enemy. This is horrible, but we must try to face the truth. For my own part, I find that I do desperately desire to hear of German dreadnoughts sunk in the North Sea. Mines are treacherous engines of death; but I should be only too glad to help in laying a mine for them. When I see one day that 20,000 Germans have been killed in such-and-such an engagement,



and next day that it was only 2000, I am sorry.

That is where we are. We are fighting for that which we love, whatever we call it. It is the Right, but it is something even more than the Right. For our lives, for England, for the liberty of Western Europe, for the possibility of peace and friendship between nations; for something which we should rather die than lose. And lose it we shall unless we can beat the Germans.

IV. Yet I have scarcely met a single person who seems to hate the Germans. We abominate their dishonest Government, their unscrupulous and arrogant diplomacy, the whole spirit of "blood-and-iron" ambition which seems to have spread from Prussia through a great part of the nation. But not the people in general. They too, by whatever criminal folly they were led into war, are fighting now for what they call "the Right." For their lives and homes and their national pride, for that strange "Culture," that idol of blood and clay and true gold, which they have built up with so many tears. They have been trebly deceived: deceived by their Government, deceived by their own idolatry, deceived by their sheer terror. They are ringed about by enemies; their one ally is broken; they hear the thunder of Cossack hoofs in the east coming ever closer; and hordes of stupid monjiks behind them, innumerable, clumsy, barbarous, as they imagine in their shuddering dread, treading down the beloved Fatherland as they come. . . . What do Germans care for punctillos and neutrality treaties in the face of such a horror as that?

No: we cannot hate or blame the people in general. And certainly not the individual Germans whom we know. I have just by me a letter from young Fritz Hackmann, who was in Oxford last term and brought me an

introduction from a Greek scholar in Berlin: a charming letter, full of gratitude for the very small friendlinesses I had been able to show him. I remember his sunny smile and his bow with a click of the heels. He is now fighting us. . . . And there is Paul Maass, too, a young Doctor of Philosophy, recently married. He sent me a short time back the photograph of his baby, Ulf, and we exchanged small jokes about Ulf's look of wisdom and his knowledge of Greek and his imperious habits. And now of course Maass is with his regiment, and we are doing our best to kill him and after that to starve Ulf and Ulf's mother.

It is well for us to remember what war means when reduced to terms of private human life. Doubtless we have most of us met disagreeable Germans and been angry with them; but I doubt if we ever wanted to cut their throats or blow them to pieces with lyddite. And many thousands of us have German friends, or have come across good straight Germans in business, or have carried on smiling and incompetent conversations with kindly German peasants on walking tours. We must remember such things as these, and not hate the Germans.

A little later it may be different. In a few weeks English and Germans will have done each other cruel and irreparable wrongs. The blood of those we love will lie between us. We shall hear stories of horrible suffering. Atrocities will be committed by a few bad or stupid people on both sides, and will be published and distorted and magnified. It will be hard to avoid hatred then; so it is well to try to think things out while our minds are still clear, while we still hate the war and not the enemy."

So I wrote three weeks ago. By the time I revise these lines the prophecy has been more than fulfilled. No one had anticipated then that the night-



mare doctrines of Bismarck and Nietzsche and Bernhardt would be actually enforced by official orders. "Cause to non-combatants the maximum of suffering: leave the women and children nothing but their eyes to weep with. . . ." We thought they said these things just to startle and shock us; and it now appears that some of them meant what they said. . . . Still we must not hate the German people. Who knows how many secret acts of mercy, mercy at risk of life and against orders, were done at Louvain and Dinant? Germans are not demons; they are naturally fine and good people. And they will wake from their evil dream.

V. "Never again!" I see that a well-known imperialist writes to the papers saying that these words should be embroidered on the kit-bags of the Royal Navy and painted on the knapsacks of all our soldiers. The aspiration is perhaps too bold, for "Never" is a very large word; but I believe it is the real aspiration of most civilized men, certainly of most Englishmen. We are fighting for our national life, for our ideals of freedom and honest government and fair dealing between nations: but most men, if asked what they would like to attain at the end of this war, if it is successful, would probably agree in their answer. We seek no territory, no aggrandizement, no revenge; we only want to be safe from the recurrence of this present horror. We want permanent peace for Europe and freedom for each nation.

What is the way to attain it? The writer whom I have quoted goes on: "The war must not end until German warships are sunk, her fortresses razed to the ground, her army disbanded, her munitions destroyed, and the military and civil bureaucrats responsible for opening hell gates are shot or exiled." As if that would bring us any nearer to a permanent peace! Crush-

ing Germany would do no good. It would point straight towards a war of revenge. It is not Germany, it is a system, that needs crushing. Other nations before Germany have menaced the peace of Europe, and other nations will do so again after Germany, if the system remains the same.

VI. It is interesting to look back at the records of the Congress of Vienna in 1815, at the end of the last great war of allied Europe against a military despotism.

It was hoped then, a standard historian tells us, "that so great an opportunity would not be lost, but that the statesmen would initiate such measures of international disarmament as would perpetuate the blessings of that peace which Europe was enjoying after twenty years of warfare." Certain Powers wished to use the occasion for crushing and humiliating France; but fortunately they did not carry the Congress with them. Talleyrand persuaded the Congress to accept the view that the recent wars had not been wars of nations but of principles. It had not been Austria, Russia, Prussia, England, against France; it had been the principle of legitimacy against all that was illegitimate, treaty-breaking, revolution, usurpation. Bonapartism was to be destroyed; France was not to be injured.

Castlereagh, the English representative, concentrated his efforts upon two great objects. The first, which he had just failed to obtain, owing chiefly to difficulties about Turkey, was a really effective and fully armed Concert of Europe. He wished for a united guarantee from all the Powers that they would accept the settlement made by the Congress and would, in future, wage collective war against the first breaker of the peace. The second object, which he succeeded in gaining, was, curiously enough, an interna-

tional declaration of the abolition of the slave trade.

The principle of legitimacy—of ordinary law and right and custom—as against lawless ambition: a concert of Powers pledged by collective treaty to maintain and enforce peace; and the abolition of the slave trade! It sounds like the scheme of some new Utopia, and it was really a main part of the political programme of the leaders of the Congress of Vienna—of Castlereagh, Metternich, Talleyrand, Alexander of Russia, and Frederick William of Prussia. . . . They are not names to rouse enthusiasm nowadays. All except Talleyrand were confessed enemies of freedom and enlightenment and almost everything that we regard as progressive; and Talleyrand, though occasionally on the right side in such matters, was not a person to inspire confidence. Yet, after all, they were more or less reasonable human beings, and a bitter experience had educated them. Doubtless they blundered; they went on all kinds of wrong principles; they based their partition of Europe on what they called "legitimacy," a perfectly artificial and false legitimacy, rather than nationality; they loathed and dreaded popular movements; they could not quite keep their hands from a certain amount of picking and stealing. Yet, on the whole, we find these men at the end of the Great War fixing their minds not on glory and prestige and revenge, not on conventions and shams, but on ideals so great and true and humane and simple that most Englishmen in ordinary life are ashamed of mentioning them; trying hard to make peace permanent on the basis of what was recognized as "legitimate" or fair; and, amid many differences, agreeing at least in the universal abolition of the slave trade.

VII. Our next conference of Europe ought to do far better if only we

can be sure that it will meet in the same high spirit. Instead of Castlereagh, we shall send from England someone like Mr. Asquith or Sir Edward Grey, with ten times more progressive and liberal feeling and ten times more insight and understanding. Even suppose we send a Conservative, Mr. Balfour or Lord Lansdowne, the improvement on Castlereagh will be almost as great. Instead of Talleyrand, France will send one of her many able republican leaders, from Clémenceau to Delcassé, certainly more honest and humane than Talleyrand. And Germany, who can say? Except that it may be someone very different from these militarist schemers who have brought their country to ruin. In any case it is likely to be a wiser man than Frederick William, just as Russia is bound to send a wiser man than Alexander.

And behind these representatives there will be a deeper and far more intelligent feeling in the various peoples. In 1815 the nations were sick of war after long fighting. I doubt if there was any widespread conviction that war was in itself an abomination and an outrage on humanity. Philosophers felt it, some inarticulate women and peasants and workmen felt it. But now such a feeling is almost universal. It commands a majority in any third-class railway carriage; it is expressed almost as a matter of course in the average newspaper.

Between Waterloo and the present day there has passed one of the greatest and most swiftly progressive centuries of all human history, and the heart of Europe is really changed. I do not say we shall not have Jingo crowds or that our own hearts will not thrill with the various emotions of war, whether base or noble. But there is a change. Ideas that once belonged to a few philosophers have sunk into common men's minds; Tolstoy has

taught us, the intimate records of modern wars have taught us, free intercourse with foreigners has educated us, even the illustrated papers have made us realize things. In 1914 it is not that we happen to be sick of war; it is that we mean to extirpate war out of the normal possibilities of civilized life, as we have extirpated leprosy and typhus.

VIII. What kind of settlement can we hope to attain at the end of it all?

The question is still far off, and may have assumed astonishingly different shapes by the time we reach it, but it is perhaps well to try, now while we are calm and unhurt, to think out what we would most desire.

First of all, no revenge, no deliberate humiliation of any enemy, no picking and stealing.

Next, a drastic resettlement of all these burning problems which carry in them the seeds of European war, especially the problems of territory. Many of the details will be very difficult; some may prove insoluble. But in general we must try to arrange, even at considerable cost, that territory goes with nationality. The annexation of Alsace-Lorraine has disturbed the west of Europe for forty years; the wrong distributions of territory in the Balkan peninsula have kept the spark of war constantly alive in the East, and have not been fully corrected by the last Balkan settlement. Every nation which sees a slice of itself cut off and held under foreign rule is a danger to peace, and so is every nation that holds by force or fraud an alien province. At this moment, if Austria had not annexed some millions of Servians in Bosnia and Herzegovina she would have had no quarrel with Servia. Any large rearrangement of this sort will probably involve the break-up of Austria, a larger Italy, a larger Servia, a larger Germany—which, however, may be a

federation rather than an empire,—and a larger Russia. But it is not big nations that are a menace to peace; it is nations with a grievance or nations who know that others have a grievance against them.

And shall we try again to achieve Castlereagh's and Alexander's ideal of a permanent Concert, pledged to make collective war upon the peace-breaker? Surely we must. We must at all costs and in spite of all difficulties, because the alternative means such unspeakable failure. We must learn to agree, we civilized nations of Europe, or else we must perish. I believe that the chief counsel of wisdom here is to be sure to go far enough. We need a permanent Concert, perhaps a permanent Common Council, in which every awkward problem can be dealt with before it has time to grow dangerous, and in which outvoted minorities must accustom themselves to giving way. If we examine the failures of the European concert in recent years we shall find them generally due to two large causes. Either some Powers came into the council with unclean hands, determined to grab alien territory or fatally compromised because they had grabbed it in the past; or else they met too late, when the air was full of mistrust and not to yield had become a point of honor. Once make certain of good faith and a clean start, and surely there is in the great Powers of Europe sufficient unity of view and feeling about fundamental matters to make it possible for them to work honestly together—at any rate, when the alternative is hell. . . . It is well to remember that in this matter, from Alexander I. onward, Russia has steadily done her best to lead the way.

And the abolition of the slave trade! It is wonderful to think that that was not only talked about but really achieved; the greatest abomination in the world definitely killed, finished and

buried, never to return, as a result of the meeting of the Powers at the end of the Great War. What can we hope for to equal that? The limitation of armaments seems almost small in comparison.

We saw in the first week of the war what a nation and a government can do when the need or the opportunity comes. Armies and fleets mobilized, war risks assured, railways taken over, prices fixed . . . things that seemed almost impossible accomplished successfully in a few days. One sentence in Mr. Lloyd George's speech on the financial situation ran thus, if I remember the words: "This part of the subject presents some peculiar difficulties, but I have no doubt they will be surmounted with the utmost ease." That is the spirit in which our Government has risen to its crisis, a spirit not of shallow optimism but of that active and hard-thinking confidence which creates its own fulfilment. The power of man over circumstance is now—even now in the midst of this one terrific failure—immeasurably greater than it has ever yet been in history. Every year that passes has shown its increase. When the next settling day comes the real will of reasonable man should be able to assert itself and achieve its end with a completeness not conceivable in 1815.

IX. This is not the time to make any definite proposals. Civilization has still many slave trades to abolish. The trade in armaments is perhaps the most oppressive of all, but there are others also, slave trades social and intimate and international; no one can tell yet which ones and how many it may be possible to overthrow. But there is one thing that we must see. This war and the national aspiration behind the war must not be allowed to fall into the hands of the militarists. That is the danger. It is the danger in every war. In time of war

every interest, every passion, tends to be concentrated on the mere fighting, the gaining of advantages, the brutal and persistent use of cunning and force as well as self-sacrifice and heroism. An atmosphere tends to grow up in which the militarist and the schemer are at home and the liberal and democrat homeless.

There are many thousands of social reformers and radicals in this country who instinctively loathe war, and have only been convinced with the utmost reluctance, if at all, of the necessity of our fighting. The danger is that these people, containing among them some of our best guides and most helpful political thinkers, may from disgust and discouragement fall into the background and leave public opinion to the mercy of our own von Tirpitzes and Bernhardis. That would be the last culminating disaster. It would mean that the war had ceased to be a war for free Europe against militarism, and had become merely one of the ordinary sordid and bloody struggles of nation against nation, one link in the insane chain of wrongs that lead ever to worse wrongs.

One may thank heaven that both here and in France we have in power not only a very able ministry but a strongly liberal and peace-loving ministry. In the first place, it unites the country far more effectively than any ministry which could be suspected of Jingoism. In the second place, it gives us a chance of a permanent settlement, based on wisdom and not on greed. It is fortunate also that in Russia, on the whole, the more liberal elements in the government seem to be predominant. Some English liberals seem to be sorry and half ashamed that we have Russia as an ally; for my own part I am glad and proud. Not only because of her splendid military achievements, but because, so far as I can read the signs of such things, there is in Rus-

sia, more than in other nations, a vast untapped reservoir of spiritual power, of idealism, of striving for a nobler life. And that is what Europe will most need at the end of this bitter material struggle. I am proud to think that the liberal and progressive elements in Russia are looking towards England and feeling strengthened by English friendship. "This is for us," said a great Russian Liberal to me some days ago, "this is for us a *Befreiungskrieg* (war of deliverance). After this, reaction is impossible." We are fighting not only to defend Russian governors and Russian peasants against German invasion, but also, and perhaps even more profoundly, to enable the Russia of Turgeneff and Tolstoy, the Russia of many artists and many martyrs, to work out its destiny and its freedom. If the true Russia has a powerful voice in the final settlement it will be a great thing for humanity.

Of course, all these hopes may be shattered and made ridiculous before the settlement comes. They would be shattered, probably, by a German victory; not because Germans are wicked, but because a German victory at the present time would mean a victory for blood-and-iron. They would be shattered, certainly, if in each separate country the liberal forces aban-

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doned the situation to the reactionaries, and stood aside while the nation fell into that embitterment and brutalization of feeling which is the natural consequence of a long war.

To prevent the first of these perils is the work of our armies and navies; to prevent the second should be the work of all thoughtful non-combatants. It may be a difficult task, but at least it is not hideous; and some of the work that we must do is. So hideous, indeed, that at times it seems strange that we can carry it out at all—this war of civilized men against civilized men, against our intellectual teachers, our brothers in art and science and healing medicine, and so large a part of all that makes life beautiful. When we remember all this it makes us feel lost and heavy-hearted, like men struggling and unable to move in an evil dream. . . . So, it seems, for the time being we must forget it. We are accustomed by the needs of life to this division of feelings. In every war, in every competition almost, there is something of the same difficulty, and we have learned to keep the two sides of our mind apart. We must fight our hardest, indomitably, gallantly, even joyously, forgetting all else while we have to fight. When the fight is over we must remember.

Gilbert Murray.

## BELOW STAIRS.

By MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK,

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### CHAPTER XXIV.

In the kitchen Dinah only giggled and Emma looked crustier than usual, when they heard that Mr. Archie had been at his tricks already. "Told you so," said Dinah; but Emma's silence was unsympathetic. The plain, undersized little spinster half envied any woman who was attractive to any man.

She had once or twice walked out with "chaps," but had each time been deserted for better-looking rivals. So she was bitter, poor little Emma, and inclined to argue that any girl could keep any man at a distance if she wished. But Priscilla, out of her London experiences, knew that this was not true. She had had many a little



adventure since she went in the taxi with "Mr. Smith," and though she had had the wit and skill to take care of herself, she knew now that a pretty girl of her class must always be on guard out of doors, and sometimes inside the house. In Gardenia Street, for instance, there had been difficulties more than once. But though the men who came to Gardenia Street were often flown with wine, they were essentially different from the little degenerate upstairs. Priscilla had never felt afraid of them. They were the devil's gentlemen, to the Puritan accursed, and yet of better grain than some who keep the law. The Vicar of Tinker's Green considered Mrs. Boger an excellent Christian, and he certainly would not have spoken to Mrs. Clarence, except in official rebuke. But Priscilla had lived in charity with the wicked woman, and often felt like murdering the good one. She would have reversed the Vicar's verdict without a tremor, although she had agreed with it to the extent of feeling uneasy in Gardenia Street. To this day she felt ashamed of her short sojourn there, and never spoke of it when she got into the respectable world again. She used to puzzle over her own contradictory feelings and opinions, but, like many of her betters, she never solved the problem of them satisfactorily.

Her immediate business was to avoid Mr. Archie and yet retain a situation that gave her easy access to her parents. In this Mrs. Boger was of assistance to her. She knew her ill-conditioned son well enough to keep a pretty parlormaid out of his way as much as possible. Indeed her game was played openly, so that the whole household looked on. Archie was to make himself agreeable to Miss Udall, and the world in general was to look on at a love idyll playing to a finish between two charming young people

decorously chaperoned and blessed by Mrs. Boger.

"Sandwiches for two," she would say to Emma, sailing into the kitchen while the maids were still at breakfast. "Be quick with them. Mr. Archie wants to start at once. Nothing to make them of? Nonsense. Some mutton went out from dinner. Wanted for lunch? I shall be alone for lunch, and I never care what I eat. Come! I don't like dawdling over meals. Priscilla ought to be clearing out breakfast and Dinah at the beds. What are you saying, my dear?"

"I don't think I will go on the river to-day," Miss Udall would begin, coming timidly into the kitchen. If it was not the river it was some other expedition. Every morning Mrs. Boger sent the young people out together, and every morning Miss Udall tried to stay at home, but failed.

"It's so hot to-day," she would plead, and be told that on the river there would be a breeze.

Priscilla began to despise her because she always gave in. Anyone could see that she detested Mr. Archie, and that he only hung round her because his despotic mother gave him orders to.

"I s'pose she can starve him into it," said Priscilla. "But why don't Miss Udall break away? You say she's rich. If I was rich I'd stand up to Mrs. Boger."

"It isn't in her," said Emma, who was a shrewd little creature. "Folks aren't all alike."

That no doubt explained Miss Udall's pliancy. When her mother died her father had sent his only child to England to the care of Mrs. Boger. That was nine years ago, and in all that time he had not troubled about her. Financially there was no need, because Jenny's trustees administered her mother's fortune for her benefit and paid Mrs. Boger a liberal amount for



her board and education. Jenny wrote to her father regularly, and often expressed a wish to go out to him, but she had never lodged definite complaints against Mrs. Boger. She had no reason to do so. In some ways she received good value for her money, and she could not explain in letters why she was unhappy with her duenna. Of course she tried to, but what did her explanations amount to, when read carelessly half the world away by one of those middle-aged males who pay as much attention to the wishes and personality of a girl as they would to those of a baby in long clothes? Until lately Jenny had received a letter from her father at intervals, but there had never been anything interesting or affectionate in them. He wrote as an elderly bachelor might to a girl connected with him by some formal tie of blood or friendship. Then for some months he did not write at all; and then came the printed announcement of his second marriage. She had written in answer to it: a civil letter of congratulation and virtually a farewell. She had sent a wedding present too; and then she had tried to revise her outlook on life. Her old dream of going out to India to her father seemed further off than ever, while Mrs. Boger and the hateful Archie were nearer. They were there every day now, imposing themselves on her, not to be avoided. Her eyes got a hunted look in them as the summer went on, she grew pale and, as Priscilla saw, most unhappy. If only they would sometimes have left her to herself; but, unless she locked herself in her bedroom, they never did, and even then Mrs. Boger as likely as not would rout her out and tell her not to mope. Mrs. Boger never felt tired and inclined for quiet, so why should a young girl like Jenny? Nonsense, she called it.

But one afternoon Jenny had managed to get out of an expedition, and

was sitting upstairs listlessly staring out of her bedroom window, when she saw someone in the drive who made her heart beat quicker and then almost stand still. This was Major Charlton, and as Jenny had only met him twice, you will perhaps call her a goose. I don't, because I believe in love at first sight. At any rate these two people had met at a ball, being instantly attracted, danced a great deal together and been watched with furious uneasiness by Mrs. Boger. Their second meeting had been in Daneswick High Street, and had only lasted two minutes. But Jenny had innocently spoken of it: had said Major Charlton wished to call and suggested that he should be asked to dinner.

Mrs. Boger had said very little, but she had been out when he called, and she had not asked him to dinner. When pressed, she explained that nothing would induce her to receive a man who gave himself disagreeable airs to Archie, as Major Charlton did. She was sure Jenny would not ask it of her. That had been in the winter, soon after one of the January balls, and now six months later he was venturing to call again. Jenny flew to the top of the stairs and got half-way down just in time to hear Mrs. Boger say in a determined voice to Priscilla that she was not at home. Then the mistress of the house shut herself into the library again. She had evidently seen Major Charlton from the window and decided not to receive him.

Jenny, nearly in tears, waited on the stairs to hear the sound of his voice. She was out of sight, but in hearing, but it did not occur to her that she could show herself, or contradict Mrs. Boger's orders. For nine years she had been made to obey that lady implicitly, and the fiction that she was grown up now had made little difference.

"Is Mrs. Boger at home?" she heard him say in the voice she remem-

bered and had longed to hear again.

"No, sir!" said Priscilla's voice.  
"Miss Udall is at home."

Jenny's heart gave a leap again. How could Priscilla know? How could she dare? What would happen now? She heard the drawing-room door open and shut; she heard Priscilla's step on the stairs.

"Major Charlton to see you, miss," said the gray-eyed parlormaid, with a correctly blank expression, and the next moment Jenny was in the drawing-room, while Priscilla was summoned to the library by Mrs. Boger, who, looking angrier and bigger than usual, received her at first with an intimidating silence.

"Shut the door and come in," she said, when she had stared at her from head to foot. Priscilla did so.

"Did you understand my instructions just now?"

"You were not at home, m'm."

"Then why did you let in Major Charlton?"

"He walked in, m'm, when I said Miss Udall was at home."

"Why did you take upon yourself to tell him that?"

"I have always been accustomed to say my ladies were at home when I knew they were," said Priscilla, giving herself all the airs she could.

"Don't be impertinent, and remember in future that when I'm out Miss Udall is out too."

"Very well, m'm," said Priscilla, and ten minutes later carried tea into the drawing-room, although she felt sure Mrs. Boger would disapprove. But it was tea-time, and Miss Udall looked delighted when she appeared with the tray. As she came away Mrs. Boger opened the library door and summoned her imperiously inside.

"What have you been doing now?" she said.

"Taking in tea, m'm," said Priscilla.

"Fetch me my hat and gloves: those

that are lying ready on my bed."

Priscilla ran upstairs and got the things required. She also took some hatpins from the toilet-table.

"If servants would use their brains they would save their muscles, but I can never teach them that," said Mrs. Boger the instant the girl appeared. "If I were sent upstairs for a hat I should remember that hatpins would be wanted too, and bring them with me."

Priscilla put the hatpins on the table beside the hat and turned to leave the room.

"Priscilla!"

"Yes, m'm!" Priscilla half turned.

"Don't you know that you should always answer when you are spoken to?"

"I didn't see that there was anything to say, m'm. I had brought the hatpins."

"That will do. You let your tongue run away with you. If Mr. Archie comes in, tell him that Major Charlton is here, and that we are in the drawing-room."

Very soon after this Mr. Archie did come in, by the back door, and came on Priscilla in her pantry. She gave him his mother's message, but he paid no attention to it. He sat down on the only chair, and watched her count out glass and silver for her dinner-tray.

"It won't be dinner-time for three hours yet," he drawled. "Come and sit down a minute on my knee."

Priscilla went on with her work. She was going to lay her cloth early, and then have her evening out.

"How proud we are!" he drawled. He did not speak as Major Charlton did, with the refined, incisive tones that were the natural expression of his breeding. Archie's drawl was a veneer of affectation superimposed on the accent picked up from London servants and a London day school. It was the best imitation he could do, and that is all that can be said for his manner or for his accent.

"Saturday!" he said reflectively. "Saturday's your day out. Who are you going to meet?"

"I go to see my parents," said Priscilla shortly.

"A likely story! A pretty girl like you! Come now! Who is he? One of these days I'll follow you and find out."

"Will you move, please," said Priscilla. "I want to take this tray into the dining-room."

It was a large tray, holding all she would want for the table that it was her business to lay before she went out. She had to carry it through a swing door into the front part of the house, but there were no steps in the way. Archie, who sat close to the door, stood up to let her pass, and with the heavy tray in her hand she could only do this slowly and crab-wise. She kept her eyes on him as well as she could, but she had to watch the tray too or it would stick in the door, and just as she was steering it through he jumped round her and imprinted a fervent kiss on her neck. Priscilla had never had a bad accident with glass and china since she had been in service, but she did now. Her knuckles grazed the doorway painfully, the tray shook and then tilted, there was a crash as if all the crockery in the house was being dashed to pieces.

"Now you've done it," said Archie, and without waiting to help her he bolted through the swing door into the library, where he rather anxiously waited further developments. His experience was that maids did not tell tales to their employers. They left rather than do so. But Priscilla was different: quieter and starchier, prettier too. He heard voices in the hall now, and strolled out there in time to offer Major Charlton his languid hand, and bid him good-bye. His mother, he perceived, was in one of her blackest moods. Even at him she looked suspiciously.

"Didn't Priscilla give you my message?" she snapped.

"What was it?"

"That Major Charlton was here, and we were having tea in the drawing-room."

"Ya-as. I detest Charlton, and I loathe tea; so I kept out of the way."

Mrs. Boger hardly heard her son's reply. She had hastily hooked open the swing door, and, with Jenny Udall at her side, was now looking at Priscilla. By this time what was left unbroken had been picked up and replaced on the tray, but there was an ominous litter of broken glass on the floor. Priscilla was just going to sweep it into a dustpan. She looked up when she saw Mrs. Boger, and then looked down again. Then she rose to her feet and waited.

"Well! What have you got to say for yourself?" came from the lady in such a voice of fury that the girl shrank back from it.

"I'm very sorry, m'm," said Priscilla, and looked straight at Archie. He turned on his heel and went back into the library.

"Sorry!" echoed Mrs. Boger. "I'll see that you're sorry. How did it happen?"

"The tray slipped out of my hands, m'm."

"Stupid creature! I can see that. Why did you let it slip?"

Priscilla would have given a good deal to answer "Because Mr. Archie kissed me," but she knew if she did she would lose her place, and probably her character. Mr. Archie was a little worm and a nuisance, but she was not afraid of him, and she wished if possible to stay at Dane House and then to give notice herself. So she said civilly:

"It was an accident, m'm."

"How much have you broken?"

"I don't know yet."

"Then find out at once, and bring me the list. I shall verify it to-morrow, and deduct the price from your wages. I allow breakages in reason, but not wholesale. You want a lesson."

Priscilla did not speak, but looked ruefully at the debris on the floor. Mrs. Boger, muttering something about an unpleasant afternoon, waddled back to the front of the house, allowing the swing door to shut after her. Jenny Udall remained on the pantry side of it, and looked at Priscilla, whose eyes were welling over with tears that she tried valiantly to swallow down.

"Don't cry, Priscilla," said the young lady, and of course made Priscilla cry as if her heart was breaking for a minute or two. Then both girls went down on their knees and tried to remove the broken glass. At least Jenny picked up one or two cruets bottles, whilst Priscilla swept the smaller fragments into her dustpan. She still sobbed as she did so.

"How did it happen, Priscilla?" whispered Miss Udall. "Was Mr. Archie in here?"

"Yes; he was," cried Priscilla. "He took me by surprise kissin' my neck just as I got to the door, and the tray was in my hands. . . . I wouldn't stay . . . I'd give notice to-morrow . . . only I like being close to my home on the common."

"I should tell Mrs. Boger the truth."

"No, you wouldn't, miss; not if you was me, and had your livin' to earn, and a character to get from Mrs. Boger."

"Shall I speak to Mr. Archie?"

"I wouldn't trust him—not to tell tales to his mother."

"I knew it was his fault. I saw you look at him when he slunk back into the library."

Priscilla rose with her dustpan full of glass, and held it out to take the pieces in Miss Udall's hands.

"Don't worry about the money loss,"

said the young lady. "I'll see you don't bear that."

"You're very kind, miss," said Priscilla, with weebegone eyes.

"I shouldn't worry about Mr. Archie either if I were you."

"He won't sit in my pantry again," said Priscilla. "I don't want to behave as Dinah did, but if he drives me to it—"

"How did Dinah behave?" asked Jenny.

"Boxed his ears hard, miss. It's the only way to get rid of him, she says."

"Really!" said Jenny.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

Priscilla's own affairs were taking a turn that she hardly dared to believe in yet. Every other Sunday and every Saturday evening she saw Harry Masters now, and if he was not wishful to keep company with her, her name was not Priscilla Day. There was no doubt that he did, but what Priscilla could not tell yet was whether his parents knew, and whether they would ever consent; and whether Harry would fly in their faces for her sake. She hoped it would not come to that; but of course they had looked high for him, and probably did still. Julia Morton had jilted him for a clever young minister who had a smart chapel in a London suburb. Even to have been jilted by a young lady now of such social eminence seemed to place Harry at a great distance from Mrs. Boger's parlormaid, who wore caps and aprons, and said "sir" and "m'm" to the Vicar and Miss Parker when they came to lunch. Priscilla did not know that the Vicar and Miss Parker would consider the minister and his Julia of a different clay, socially, from themselves. Priscilla called both gentlemen clergymen, and did not distinguish. You must forgive her ignorance.

Harry usually met her on the common now, took her for a walk, and once

on a Sunday afternoon had tea with her parents. He was interested in gardening himself, and discovered that what Mr. Day wanted was a frame or two for winter violets and lettuces. At any rate he said he could knock him up a couple in no time, and some day soon would come round with them.

"But won't your father see them in the workshops?" said Priscilla.

"Of course he will," said Harry.

There was nothing more to be said by Priscilla just then. Harry had virtually announced that his parents might know any day that he was courting Priscilla. They would surely know it when they found that he was making garden frames for her father and taking her for long country walks every other Sunday. But she did not know what to say to her own father and mother when they asked her what Harry's intentions were.

"I hope he means well by you," Mrs. Day said anxiously, and that made Priscilla indignant. As if Harry could mean anything but well by anyone. She was in no great hurry for him to speak outright. When he did, life would become brilliant and exciting, in a way it never had been yet. She hardly dared dwell on the comfort and security of the future if she married Harry; but meanwhile the present held oases of happiness in the desert of her life at Dane House. She told Harry a little about the family there, but not everything. She found that he knew enough about Archie Boger to dislike the idea of Priscilla being in the same house with him.

"I've learned how to take care of myself," laughed Priscilla. "It's Miss Udall you want to worry about. She puts me in mind of a mouse with two great cats after her."

Priscilla was more and more concerned about Miss Udall as time went on. The young lady seemed to her most forlorn and friendless. She

talked a great deal to Priscilla now, and told her that she had lived with Mrs. Boger ever since she came from India, nine years ago, and that she had never been to school or been allowed to make friends.

"If I wasn't happy in this house I'd try another, miss," ventured Priscilla.

"But how can I?" asked Miss Udall.

"I should have to get permission from my father, and he doesn't give it."

"I should act for myself then, miss."

"But where could I go, Priscilla? I've no money, except a dress allowance. The trustees pay Mrs. Boger."

"Can't you get 'em to pay you instead?"

Jenny shook her head.

"I asked them that, and they refused. They said I must wait till I am of age. That's two years away."

She was a dainty, delicate little lady, with lovely dark eyes, rather like Priscilla's own. But life had not welded her as work and poverty had Priscilla. She was highly strung and easily intimidated, not used to act for herself, and yet with some inborn courage and decision of nature. Mrs. Boger's mere voice would send the color from her lips, and yet sometimes, by an immense effort, she would defy Mrs. Boger. She had done so that afternoon when she went into the drawing-room to see Major Charlton. The kitchen surmised that the ladies had had words later. At any rate Miss Udall had cried her pillow wet the same night, and got up looking like a poor little ghost next day. For a week or two after that events seemed to mark time. Harry paid attention, but did not propose; Mr. Archie idled, smoked and sipped at his whisky and soda all day; Mrs. Boger did her utmost to bring her dear young people together, and Major Charlton was told when he called again that the ladies were not at home.

"I'm sorry," Miss Udall said to Pris-



cilla, when she heard of it. "I should like to have seen Major Charlton."

"Yes, miss, I know. But this time——"

"You know!" interrupted the young lady, blushing.

"Yes, miss," said Priscilla. "And you'll never see him again in this house. We all have orders to say 'Not at home' when he calls."

Miss Udall was sitting at her dressing-table, and Priscilla was brushing her hair. The young lady was playing with a little silver box, opening and shutting it, and she made no immediate comment on her handmaid's information.

"Are you engaged, Priscilla?" she said presently.

"I'm keepin' company, miss."

"What's the difference?"

"Well, you see, miss, the young man has not exactly proposed yet, but I think he will before long."

"You look very happy over it."

"I've reason to be happy, miss—and thankful."

"But when do you see him? Mrs. Boger doesn't allow followers, I know."

"We meet every other Sunday, and every Saturday. We have long walks together."

"How sensible of you," said Miss Udall, and then changed the subject. Instinct and tradition forbade her to gossip as intimately with Priscilla as she often felt inclined. But she liked the gray-eyed little parlormaid better than anyone else near her, and lived in fear that Mrs. Boger would send her away.

On the following Sunday afternoon Miss Udall escaped from the house by herself, and took a long, lonely country walk that brought her about four o'clock to the gates of Willeston Park. If she went through it she could get home by a shorter way, but at one point the road through the park that was open to the public could be seen

from the house. It was very unlikely, however, that she would be seen and recognized, for the gardens lay on the other side of the house, and on Sunday afternoon Major Charlton would probably be in the garden. She had never seen it, and she only knew the outside of the house, which was dignified and Georgian. As she came near it she thought that one of Miss Austen's novels might well have had its setting there, and she tried to imagine how one of Miss Austen's young women would have conducted herself in similar circumstances to her own. Elizabeth had refused Mr. Collins, and Emma had refused Mr. Elton, but both these men were better stuff than the odious boy who pursued her. But then what women Elizabeth and Emma were. She had none of their brilliance and their courage. In theory a girl cannot nowadays be pushed into a marriage she abhors, but in practice all sorts of things happen that are inexplicable, if you will not allow for the driving-force a hard, unscrupulous nature may have over a sensitive, timid one. Why did Rosamond drink the poison when Queen Eleanor held it to her lips? Not nearly so much because the dagger frightened her as because she was Rosamond and Eleanor was Eleanor. Jenny had her eyes on the ground, as she meditated on these things, and so did not see that Major Charlton was coming up to her in breathless haste. He had caught sight of her from the terrace in front of the house, and had run down a steep grass bank leading to the public pathway.

"Won't you come round the garden now you're here?" he said. "It's looking rather nice."

In another frame of mind Jenny might have refused. Her upbringing had been of the prunes and prisms order, and she was naturally shy. But she had just been taking herself to



task for her want of courage: she was a maid threatened by a dragon, and here was her chosen knight who might conceivably save her. Besides, there were floating in the background of Jenny's mind Priscilla's pictures of happy Sunday afternoons with the beloved man who had not spoken yet, but probably would speak soon. Why should Jenny not have a happy Sunday afternoon? Years of them were owing to her, if she compared her past with Priscilla's. How dull and gray life ran on with Mrs. Boger. Skimp meals, petty talk, heavy, formal visits, Miss Parker to tea sometimes for an exciting change.

"I love a garden," said Jenny.

"You have one at Dane House."

"Mrs. Boger has. I should like one of my very own. I used to think that when I went out to India——"

"To India!"

"My father is there."

"But you are not going out to him, are you?"

"I was—at least I wanted to. But he has just married again——"

Major Charlton looked at the girl's delicate, adorable profile. He guessed at her being unhappy with Mrs. Boger, and he hoped that she would soon let him take her away. But he was puzzled by the rebuffs he received at the door of Dane House.

"Were you really out a fortnight ago when I called?" he said suddenly.

"No," said Jenny, in a low voice.

"Why was I sent away then? Does Mrs. Boger object to me?"

"Yes; I'm afraid she does."

"Why?"

His questions were too curt and direct to answer easily. Jenny could not tell him that he was considered a rival to Archie, and a dangerous one.

"She is not an agreeable woman," she said evasively.

"And her cub of a son is worse."

"Much worse," exclaimed Jenny,

with so much fervor that she almost told her story. Major Charlton had taken her to a lawn where there were chairs under a spreading cedar-tree. From where they sat they could see a double row of tall weeping rambler roses all in full flower now. They could see the house too, and some gay flower borders near it. No one seemed to be about; but a spaniel and an Irish terrier had welcomed them wildly when they appeared, and were lying in the shade now close to Major Charlton's chair.

"Why do you stay with the people if you don't like them?" he asked.

"But what can I do? I'm not of age, and my father doesn't answer when I say I want to go away. I've lived with Mrs. Boger nine years——"

"Nine years! and survived it! Nine days of her would finish me. No wonder you look as if you had been crying sometimes. Here comes tea! We'll have tea, and then we'll walk round the rest of the garden, and then, if you'll allow me, I'll drive you home."

Jenny hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry that his manner was more friendly than lover-like this afternoon. He made it easy for her to enjoy having tea out here and then to wander through the garden with him, and, while they waited for the dogcart to come round, to look at some pictures and tapestry in the drawing-room. In fact he made it so easy that what she was doing hardly felt like an escapade. But it was an escapade of the deepest dye, and she wondered if she could keep it a secret from Mrs. Boger.

"When am I going to see you again?" he said, as they stood at one of the drawing-room windows together and looked at the garden and the distant view of woodland and downs beyond it.

"Perhaps never," said Jenny, speaking rather seriously. Now that she had taken her afternoon she was be-

ginning to feel afraid of the consequences.

"What do you mean?" said Major Charlton.

"I never know what is going to happen. Mrs. Boger doesn't stay long in one place. She is restless, and whisks me here and there."

"She probably doesn't want to lose you."

"I suppose not."

"But that should give you courage—to stand up to her."

"That's what Priscilla says."

"Who's Priscilla? A friend?"

"She's that pretty parlormaid. I talk to her—at least I have done lately—because she understands things, and sees what goes on."

"What does go on?"

Jenny hesitated, and then spoke out. Because, if you are threatened by a dragon and want to be rescued, you must let your knight know that the dragon is there, otherwise he might ride leisurely by.

"You know I have some money," she said, blushing.

"I didn't know, but I'm glad to hear it," the knight said squarely. "Money is always useful."

"I have often wished I had none. Then I should have been allowed to leave Mrs. Boger and earn my living. It was mother's money, and I think there is about twelve hundred a year. But at present I only have a dress allowance, a very stingy one: and then Mrs. Boger is paid."

"By trustees, I suppose?"

"Yes; two stuffy old lawyers who preach to me when I go to the office, and think I'm very wicked to be discontented. They're on Mrs. Boger's side. I believe they're related, and found her for father when he sent me home nine years ago."

"You don't doubt their honesty?"

"Not a bit. But they're no use to me."

She hesitated again, but this time he came to her help.

"You mean that Mrs. Boger wants to keep you and your money in the family," he said.

Jenny nodded.

"What astounding impertinence!" cried Major Charlton. "That insufferable boy—and you!"

The color came into Jenny's face at his tone, and she did not venture to meet his eyes, because she knew they were fixed on her eagerly, and with a question in them.

"But what would you do—if you were me?" she asked.

"If I were you I should marry Roger Charlton," he said promptly.

So Jenny's afternoon had led her a long way indeed. She turned and faced him, her eyes glorified and happy, but her color paling under the stress of his avowal.

"They would never let me," she said. But when his arms closed round her she thought they might be stronger even than Mrs. Boger and Archie.

"I'll see to that," he said. "I'll write to your father to-night."

"Mrs. Boger will write too," sighed Jenny.

"You seem to know her ways."

"It happened two years ago. There was a clergyman, but I didn't really care for him."

"You are quite sure?"

"Quite sure. I was only seventeen, and I hated Mrs. Boger, so—I would have married anyone to get away."

"I say! Am I anyone?"

Jenny's eyes convinced him that he was not.

"You won't tell Mrs. Boger till you hear from father, will you?" she said. "I'll write to him too, and till we hear we must keep it a dead secret."

"But how are we to see each other?"

"We must do without that."

"For weeks and weeks? How can we, Jenny? You must come here again."

You haven't seen the house yet—your home. If I get a chaperon and ask you for a week-end, will you come?"

Jenny argued it out with him. Such an invitation would advertise what she wanted to conceal, and she would certainly not be allowed to accept it. He must have patience.

"I'll tell Priscilla. I won't tell anyone else," she said.

And as they drove home they passed a girl walking with a young man to-

wards Tinker's Green: a girl who seemed to receive a slight electric shock when she looked up at the dog-cart and saw the young lady sitting beside Major Charlton.

"That was Priscilla," said Jenny.

"That was young Masters," said the Major; "a very decent chap. Is she going to marry him?"

"If he asks her," said Jenny, and wanted to know why Roger laughed.

"You seem to be in the parlormaid's confidence," he said.

(To be continued.)

## NOVELISTS AND RECENT HISTORY.

BY SIR HERBERT STEPHEN, BART.

When a novelist adopts as a portion of his story actual events which occurred within living memory, how far is he justified in misstating or distorting them? I think not far, especially when the actual facts are made to form an important part of the story. Yet I seldom read a novel in which the events are definitely dated in the latter half of the last century without feeling sure that the author has blundered where a moderate amount of care in verification would have put him right.

The most surprising error known to me is a persistent belief of Mr. Arnold Bennett's that the Boer War of 1880-1 happened in 1879-80. I call the belief persistent because it is manifested beyond all possibility of doubt in "Clayhanger," and carefully reiterated in going over the same period in "Hilda Lessways." In both of these tales the attention of the reader is carefully called to the fact that there was a General Election in the spring of 1880, in which the Liberals obtained a majority, in consequence of which Lord Beaconsfield went out of office and was succeeded by Mr. Gladstone. In both

it is mentioned that when Parliament was dissolved the campaign, which ended with the disastrous skirmish at Majuba Hill, had taken place. This is a most extraordinary blunder, because it makes nonsense of history. It is also very important because for almost every educated man the most obscure period of history is the thirty or forty years before his own memory begins, and this darkness is not dispelled until advancing years give him the opportunity of reading about that particular period, which he does mainly in memoirs of distinguished persons and in works of fiction.

For the benefit of the many readers of Mr. Arnold Bennett whose personal memory of public events will never extend further back than 1885 or so, I will shortly explain why the antedating of Majuba makes nonsense of history, and, in particular, gives an entirely erroneous view of the South African War of 1899.

In 1876 the territory of the Transvaal Republic was annexed by the United Kingdom, with the consent of the President and Government of the Republic. The annexation was, how-

ever, resented by a party among the Boers, of which Mr. Kruger may be taken to have been the leader. It was, on this and other grounds, vehemently denounced by Mr. Gladstone, who was then, though not the titular leader, far the most conspicuous and influential member of the Liberal Opposition in the House of Commons. He said among other things that he would repudiate it if he could. In the spring of 1880, after the General Election, Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister. In the summer a deputation of Transvaal Boers, including, I think, Mr. Kruger, visited London, and called upon Mr. Gladstone to give effect in office to what he had said in Opposition by repudiating the annexation. Mr. Gladstone put upon the word "repudiate" a different construction from that which commended itself to Mr. Kruger, and explained that the annexation could not be revoked, however unwise it might have been when effected. The deputation returned unsatisfied, and in December the Boers declared their independence and began the war by attacking the British force stationed at Potchefstroom. An expedition was immediately sent to the Transvaal to quell the outbreak. The last engagement of the campaign was that at Majuba Hill, in which the British Commander-in-Chief was killed, and a small detachment of his army was entirely routed. Reinforcements were immediately despatched for the purpose of demonstrating our capacity to avenge this humiliating defeat, but there was no active resumption of hostilities, and the Government brought the war to an end by the Convention of Pretoria, which recognized the substantial independence of the Transvaal Republic.

The history of British South Africa did not begin in 1876, and for its proper understanding it is necessary to go back to 1795; but anyone who does

not know the facts I have set out above cannot possibly have an opinion worth considering about the war of 1899.

I forget whether it was in 1880 or 1881 that Clayhanger watched his semi-genteel neighbors arranging a croquet-ground in their garden, but whichever year it was I cannot believe it. The ancient croquet depicted by Leech, where there was a fourfold hoop in the middle, with a pendant bell which your ball had to ring as it went through, survived through the sixties; but lawn-tennis was invented in 1874, and in 1880-1 croquet, if not quite as dead as a door-nail, was regarded as a hopelessly out-of-date amusement, no one then foreseeing its resurrection in an improved form in 1895 or thereabouts.

Few authors are more precise in dating their fictitious events than Mr. De Morgan, and it is very likely that no one is more successful in respect of all important matters in dating them accurately. I should have nothing to say about him in this connection if "When Ghost meets Ghost" did not raise a question of considerable interest to the social historian. When did five-o'clock (or afternoon) tea begin? I cannot help thinking that "the story" consciously antedated this institution, no doubt because Adrian Torrens and Gwendolen Rivers were so essentially of the twentieth century that it would have been difficult, and almost ungraceful, to narrate the course of their love-making without its assistance. Afternoon tea, we are told, was in 1853 part of the daily life of Lord Ancester's family and others in Roccestershire, where the inhabitants regarded it as an invention of their own, and were rather proud of it. Ten years later, says "the story," it had become general. I cannot bring myself to believe that in hard fact it had this local existence for so long a time

without becoming known in the metropolis. The question interests me, because I happened within the last two years to ascertain the facts as to its introduction in my own family. They are as follows. It was discovered, necessarily after 1860, that nursery tea provided an opportunity for those seniors who happened to be at home at the time to get a cup of tea for themselves, which was found to be agreeable and refreshing. As the children's dinner was at 1.30, and the parents' dinner not till 7.30 or 8—I am not sure which—I do not wonder at it. When visitors came at about five o'clock the same indulgence was offered to them, and eagerly accepted. The same thing happened at other houses with contemporary children in them. The habit grew, and eventually came the critical day when a surprising report was made of the number of cups of tea which the nursery teapot had been required to furnish, and the suggestion was respectfully offered that it would be convenient to all concerned if tea for the drawing-room was separately prepared and served. The suggestion was adopted; afternoon tea became one of the household meals independently of the nursery, and has continued to be so from that day to this. This gradual

and verisimilitudinous evolution could hardly have taken place in the W. postal district in (or about) 1863 if afternoon tea as we all know it had been developed to the point of cakes with pink sugar on them in any part of England in 1853.

There is another point of everyday life in which I think "the story" forgot how young it was (or how old it is). When Miss Grahame telegraphed to Lady Gwendolen, her message began "On no account come," and was signed "Clotilda." I gladly accept the statement that the electric telegraph was in working order for domestic purposes in 1854, and also that the word "telegram" had not then come into its own; but I am curious about the signature. From when I can first remember—let us say in this connection 1867—until about 1883 no one ever thought of signing a telegram, and for an excellent reason. Telegrams were not charged for by the word, but cost 1s., for which you were entitled to a message of twenty words, any words extra costing 3d. for every five, and you got for your shilling, besides the message, the full name and address of both sender and addressee. So that Miss Grahame's telegram, in any of the fifteen years mentioned above, would have read:

From Miss Grahame  
200 Cavendish Square.

To The Lady Gwendolen Rivers,  
The Towers;  
Rocestershire.

On no account come. Why run risks? You will not be admitted. Never mind what Dr. Dalrymple says.

It will be observed that the message consisted of eighteen words, or nineteen if the mark of interrogation counts as a word, and therefore cost 1s., which was the minimum price, and signing it would have been a waste of time. Was the charge for each word, including the address, and therefore necessitating a signature, introduced after 1880, a reversion to the original

practice? I do not know, but it seems very unlikely.

Merely because it is a pleasure to go on writing about Mr. De Morgan's admirable story, I will add that though there may possibly have been some tribunal which Mr. Hawtrey (Thothmes), in excusing his departure to Lord Ancester, might have described as "the High Court," it is certain that



the Superior Courts (Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, Exchequer, and Chancery) were then at the zenith of their greatness, and that the existing High Court, dismally absorbing them under its paltry title, came into existence only by virtue of the Judicature Acts of 1873-5.

There is a good deal of recent history in Mr. Walpole's "*Duchess of Wrexhe*." If I understand her Grace rightly, which I gravely doubt, she was a "type," and her very odd life and death signify that in and about 1899-1901 there was a great mental and moral awakening; that a great many shackles of convention fell away; that an age when humbug and pretence were enormously prevalent came to an end, and was succeeded by another, in which truth and candor and genuineness prevailed to such an extent as entirely to alter the ideas and the habits of English society. Whether this cataclysm was principally due to the South African War, or to the chronological fact that the nineteenth century was finished, I do not clearly gather; perhaps the happy conjunction of the two was necessary to produce the result. Either I have no recollection of this great event, or I remember nothing else. I incline to the latter hypothesis. My impression is that the same thing has occurred—a Duchess of Wrexhe, by one name or another, has passed away—in every twelvemonth that I can remember. And I strongly suspect that it was just the same for some hundreds of thousands of previous years. I apprehend that the Piltdown skull is quite as likely as any other of even date to have sheltered the brains of a Duke (if it is male) of Wrexhe. I know for certain that the crisis which I understand (or misunderstand) Mr. Walpole to attribute to the year 1900 has recurred in each of the thirteen subsequently completed years; and as

far as I can make out we are well in the middle of the fourteenth at this moment. All this, however, is a matter of opinion rather than of theoretically ascertainable fact, and I have more definite objections to Mr. Walpole's history of the winter and spring of 1899-1900.

For some reason or other he takes considerable pains to specify March 13, 1900, as the date of critical events in his story. There was, he asserts, on that day in London, a very peculiar and influential thunderstorm, which profoundly affected the minds of the protagonists in his drama. This may or may not be the fact: an author would seem to be entitled to some amount of license about the weather, so long as he does not ruin an actually fine Coronation-day with unceasing rain, or something of that sort. But there is more than the thunderstorm. The streets are full of newsboys, shouting news of the war. (The vast importance, and amazing audibility, of newsboys is one of the most startling distinctions between the world of fiction and the world in which we actually live. An industrious reader could collect matter for a whole article about it.) And this leads the author to the assertion that these cries depressed everybody, because everyone was weary of an unceasing tale of failures, blunders, misfortunes, and so forth. This perversion of fact appears to me inexcusable. Kimberley had been relieved, by a particularly creditable and satisfactory military movement, in February. Cronje, and his whole army, had been captured at Paardeberg on February 27. Ladysmith had been relieved on March 1. And on March 13, the day so carefully specified, the public was expecting from hour to hour to hear of the occupation of Bloemfontein, and did hear of it within a few hours. Individuals may of course have had private reasons for despond-

ency, but the public at large was thoroughly satisfied with the conduct and progress of the war; and all the more so because of the exasperating though not seriously important disappointments which had occurred before Christmas. In that very week it had become clear that the back of the Boers' resistance was broken, that the critical part of the war was over, and that the occupation of Pretoria, which would leave no question open except how long the Boers chose to persevere in a lost cause, was only a question of weeks. It actually happened within three months, on June 15. A novelist who chooses to make a real war an essential part of his story ought at least to remember or ascertain facts so elementary, and so easy to discover, as those which I have mentioned.

Mr. Walpole is hardly less inaccurate in his description of another fixed date, Saturday, May 19. This was the occasion known as "Mafeking night." On this evening, it is related, a doctor named Christopher dined in company with a friend in the neighborhood of Harley Street. After dinner they walked out to see what was going on. They came down Clarges Street into Piccadilly and found themselves in "the crowd." They walked, or were carried, with the greatest difficulty, and in the closest pressure, as far as Half-Moon Street—a distance of nearly forty yards. While they were doing so they were not merely incommoded, but endangered. Christopher is expressly asserted to have been "afraid." Experienced physician though he was, he seems not to have known that in any crowd which is not entirely carried away by panic, but only pushing slowly, a man of normal strength is perfectly safe, and not seriously uncomfortable, if he keeps his elbows close to his sides, inflates his chest, and takes pains not to put his feet on anything except the ground. Chris-

topher, I think, lost his feet. Everybody round him was shrieking, bawling, singing, or cursing. With great difficulty he was extricated by his friend at the corner of Half-Moon Street, when both were much battered and exhausted and their clothing disordered and torn.

This account of that place at that time is simply ludicrous. No crowd of the density described could possibly have collected in that particular section of Piccadilly, unless it was itself the centre of some universal attraction. I have been, on illumination nights, in two or three crowds of which Mr. Walpole's account would be only a moderately hyperbolical description; but they occur, and can occur, only when more people than there is room for want to go through a narrow aperture or round a corner. Mr. Walpole's alleged crowd was moving westward (I have no idea why westward: if they had all been going one way eastward would have been more likely, as that is the way towards London), along a straight and very wide street, in which the side streets offered ingress or egress at any moment, but were not themselves crowded. And across the way was the wide expanse of the comparatively empty Green Park. The conditions created by Mr. Walpole are impossible.

They are also inaccurate. I know it, because I was there. At about half-past nine that evening I drove in a four-wheeler, with fourteen other passengers (six inside and nine outside), from near the corner of Down Street to the Empire Theatre. The drive, of course, at a foot's pace, lasted about twenty minutes in a steadily moving stream, each way, of vehicular traffic. I remember that we decided that the proper fare in the circumstances was a shilling a head, and the cabman seemed to be entirely of that opinion. There was no solid crowd anywhere,

and pedestrians were continually passing both ways on both pavements without difficulty. It must have been just about opposite Half-Moon Street—or Clarges Street—that one of our party, observing a policeman in the road, who was having no trouble in directing the traffic because the traffic was soberly directing itself, pushed his head out of the window through the fringe of legs that hung from the roof, and said "Inspector! this cabman is carrying more than his licensed number." I was much struck with the urbanity, official precision, and marked good-humor with which the policeman answered, "Is that so, sir?" These qualities were in fact, though no one would suppose so who derived his knowledge of the scene from Mr. Walpole, characteristic to a surprising degree of every one, as far as I could see, who was walking or driving at that time, and for about two hours thereafter, in Piccadilly, Coventry Street, and the north side of Leicester Square. Even at Piccadilly Circus, and the top of St. James's and Arlington Streets, where dense crowding is a possibility, owing to junctions of streets, I saw nothing but perfectly safe and easy, though slow, locomotion. The main feature of the occasion was certainly the exceptional good-temper of everybody, whether driving or walking.

When Dr. Christopher and his friend, having escaped from their impossible adventure, got back to Harley Street, they sat down and told each other that they had seen "a new thing." If they had been in London during the previous three months they would have known that a precisely similar spree—or, to use a later word, "rag"—had taken place to a smaller extent on the evening after the relief of Ladysmith became known. If they

had been there for the previous three weeks, with their eyes or ears open, they would have known that the public had for some days been consciously waiting for the announcement of the relief of Mafeking—which many of us had never believed to be in any serious danger—to give expression to its feeling of general contentment about the war by having another "rag" of the same kind on a larger scale. Which they accordingly did, and have been absurdly misrepresented ever since. It is a great pity that an author of Mr. Walpole's merit and attractiveness should help to perpetuate a false tradition by the invention of erroneous and misleading details.

The special correspondent of *The Times*, describing the parading, singing, cheering, waving of flags, friendly salutations of perfect strangers, and so on, of which those proceedings really consisted, wrote (*Times*, May 21, 1900):

"The striking feature of the proceedings was not enthusiasm, not excitement, and certainly not passion. It was the pervading sense that, however extravagant this conduct might have been at any other time, it was perfectly proper now and in harmony with the spirit of the hour."

And in the same paper we read that there

"had been no triumph of war, and there was no vaunting over a defeated enemy; only the universal rejoicing at the happy end of the long siege of a little town of no strategic importance."

Mafeking night was Saturday, and May 21 was Monday, so those words were not dashed off in a hurry, but written with time for deliberation. They entirely confirm my vivid recollection of the occurrences of that evening.

## THE POPULAR REPRINT IN ENGLAND.

"The books we think we ought to read  
are poky, dull, and dry;  
The books that we should like to read,  
we are ashamed to buy;  
The books that people talk about, we  
never can recall;  
And the books that people give us—  
oh, they're the worst of all!"

Is it that philosophy which has driven us all to the reading of the reprint, the book of proved name and quality, the work hall-marked by time? Perhaps not, though there may be many people who find, in a nice reprint, refuge from the confusing multitude of new books.

"Would that mine enemy had written a book," says Scripture, but there is no left-hand wish of this sort about the reading of a reprint. Nay, didn't witty Andrew Lang say, "When a new book comes out I read an old one?" No doubt he meant a reprint, because it gives you a tried sweetheart in a new dress, and what could heart more desire?

Anyhow, the popular reprint of old literature, and of authorship not necessarily old, has become so great a thing that it is worth a quiet looking into. It is not merely great in a literary sense, but great in its influence upon our national life. Its place and influence in modern England are remarkable, and are leavening politics and affairs at a hundred points.

It stands for the full awakening of the people to the power of knowledge, which they are gathering from the reprint as a bee gathers honey from the flowers. It represents an epoch of emancipation, this reading, by the multitude of the old teachers and the new prophets. It means that Democracy is equipping itself to use its full opportunities, and that is a sign of the times which should cause every good citizen to think.

Books gone to the dogs? Not at all! They have gone to the people, or the people have come to them, whichever way you like to put it. Too often the man of great possessions passes by the book-shops because he rides high in a lordly motor-car. But the plain man afoot, possibly to save a 'bus fare, sees the tempting books, and by hook or crook he is buying them.

He is probably not conscious of it, but the spirituality of the classic, got almost for a few coppers, opens out his soul. Its cumulative effect, in this way, has been a splendid antidote among the masses to a certain corroding note in what, borrowing an American term, we call "yellow journalism." There is balm in Gilead yet, and you find it in the still, small, but very potent voice which the good reprint lifts up against the sensational paper.

The healthy, educative work of the reprint has really been going on for a long time now; in fact, it has become so gradually familiar that we have hardly noticed it. You do not make much of movements—and this is a national movement of the first importance—unless you, as it were, take them to pieces. They are like mountains, too big to be seen except in outline, and that passes from the mind.

Generalities about the popular reprint convey no real meaning, unless that they suggest many tons weight of books. You have to get inside its mission to understand it, much more to make others understand, which is to say that your day's work must for years have lain beside it. As a result of that you perceive what a noble palace of learning the reprint proclaims in England to-day, and necessarily you know how that palace began and how it has grown.

Nothing is quite new, for most thoughts have been floating about the

world since men had civilization enough to reason usefully. The idea of cheap books for the people is so old that it can be traced back to the time of Aldus Manutius, the Venetian. When he lived printing was a primitive art, but if you consult his *Vergil* in the British Museum you will see what he could do for a price equivalent to our florin. It is printed in Italic, a type which he invented, and which endures, though nowadays we use it as sparingly as possible, thanks, partly, to the fact that it makes close reading.

The Elzevirs, the Etiennees, and other worthy families carried on the work which Aldus began, and eventually there was, in tribute to him, to be an "Aldine Edition" of the English poets. But England was slower than some of the Continental countries to embrace the reprint, and it did not arrive with us in any full sense until the eighteenth century. Scholarly Samuel Johnson, who did great services to English book-making, was, in a way, the father of the reprint in bulk. He wrote prefaces for various reprints of the poets, and Dodsley's re-issues of old plays were also an early milestone in the business. By the end of the eighteenth century other groups of reprints, for instance "Bell's Poets," had come into being and won the blessing of Coleridge, Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt.

That was all a "blazing" of the trail, and when the greatly rich century of nineteen hundred dawned the reprint had taken its place in English literature. One might reflect on how it managed to thrive so well in the tumultuous time of Napoleon and Waterloo, but it certainly did. Every good publisher desired to have his cheap library consisting of reprints or new editions, for, mind you, the two are not the same. Strictly, a reprint means a book re-set, most likely in a new form, while a new edition, or "impression," as some present-time publishers say, is

a re-issue from the existing plates, at, perhaps, a lower price. Possibly of old the line of distinction was not so clear as it has become, but anyhow the English people began to get more volumes which a comparatively empty pocket could buy.

One might trace the onward and upward march of the reprint in England by naming series associated with the Murrays, the Longmans, the Bentleys, the Blackwoods, the Chamberses, Pickering, John Cassell, and Charles Whittingham, the founder of the Chiswick Press. Many delightfully artistic reprints came out of a neighborhood in quiet Took's Court between Whittingham and Pickering. Both men had an artistic sense for the "get-up" of a book, a thing unusual at a time when the tendency of publishers was expressed in the sentence, "Oh! leave it to the printer." They made books beautiful, and in that carried the English reprint forward in a notable measure. "Bohn's Library," of which there is now a charming edition in the modern pocket form, spells a chapter in this story. Its founder, Henry George Bohn, a shrewd young German born in London, was an effective pioneer of good literature for the people. He had a happy knack of buying "remainders," often with the plates from which they had been printed. Thus he came into possession of the English rights of many valuable translations from European classics, not to speak of scattered reprints of English classics. He was able to sell his volumes cheaply, and they soon found fame and circulation.

Thomas Carlyle said of "Bohn's Library" that it was the "usefullest thing" he knew. Emerson declared that it had "done for literature what railroads had done for internal intercourse." You would not be greatly attracted by a set of the original "Bohns," for they were dull of appear-



ance and heavy to handle, but they cut their destined swathe. More, they earned for Henry George Bohn the right to be called the first English publisher who made reprinting a distinctive business. Incidentally, he was a boon to his generation of Englishman, for, being faced with horrid competitive examinations, they relied mightily on "Bohn's Cribbs." Peace to his memory, though he did not always get peace in his shop hard by Covent Garden. The rule was that market-carts must be clear of York Street by nine o'clock in the morning, and when they lingered Bohn would put his head out of his window and shout at them.

With the 'sixties the English reprint grew yet more in bulk and quality, and in particular the Macmillans launched their "Globe Library," still distinguished for its admirable text of Shakespeare. Who is there, now in middle age, who has not, stowed away in some fond corner, a "Globe Shakespeare" and may be a "Cassell's Popular Educator"? A wealth of books will have been captured since these were, but not many with the flavor, as of literary roses, which belongs to them. Somehow one associates Professor Henry Morley's history of English literature with this library corner, and here is a true instinct. For if there was any single father, or, shall we say, grandfather of the absolutely cheap English reprint as it flourishes at this hour wherever the English flag flies, wherever the language Shakespeare spake is read, surely it was Henry Morley.

Somebody recently said a clever half-truth of the cheap reprint, as being the spoilt child of modern literature. We have all petted the pretty reprint, if only because it is pretty, a dainty thing which calls out a liking. That does not matter, but there is a reader so superior in bookish airs that he will only have to do with the re-

print in choice and even exotic forms. He is a very precious creature, a self-assessed master in culture, and if you mention Henry Morley's reprints of the early 'eighties to him he will lazily sneer at them.

But it was Morley's "Universal Library," which Routledge began with Sheridan's plays, in a neat volume costing nine pennies, that took the English reprint directly to the "man in the street," although that phrase had not then been coined. It was his "National Library," done by Cassell at threepence in paper and sixpence in cloth, which gathered in that "man in the street." No wonder, for it included a Shakespeare, with a volume for each play, and with editing and notes of the usefulest sort. Certainly Henry Morley stands high in credit on the literary side of the English reprint, and nobody should grudge him recognition.

He labored in years which were ripening the future wonderful harvest of the reprint; that is, soon after popular education had been given to the English masses by Forster's Act of 1870. It was to be the magic carpet in the history of the reprint, the bringer to it of a new world of readers, and therefore, indirectly, the bringer of the newer model of the reprint itself, for ever demand and supply go together. The huge new reading publics which the Board Schools threw out simply grabbed at the rising reprint libraries. The doors of knowledge had been opened to them; they sought other doors in a wave of tit-bit papers, and then they reached the promised land of great literature by well-done reprints which they could positively afford to buy.

Think of the wonderland of English readers that awaited the "prince of reprinters," as Mr. J. M. Dent has been entitled, when he came on the scene with his "Temple Shakespeare." He

was connected with the Toynbee Shakespeare Society, a goodly company which met at Toynbee Hall for the serious study of Shakespeare. It was each member his own Shakespeare, and often, when a passage had to be studied, the texts were found to vary in a troublesome fashion. About this time an old friend of Mr. Dent's, a London bookseller, happened to say to him that a Shakespeare without any "flummery," meaning needless comments and explanations, would be almost sure of success.

It was from such a double inspiration that the "Temple Shakespeare" sprang, but it took Mr. Dent a long time to work out the form of the volumes. What he had in his mind's-eye was an attractive edition which should be well printed, but, above all, be clear and purposeful; a serviceable, enticing Shakespeare, with a page which would show at a glance each act and scene, and have every line unbroken on the page—that was the desired thing. In designing it, Mr. Dent found little help from the books of any previous period, and indeed the pocket volume on his plan was new to the English book-world. While the "Temple Shakespeare" was to be small, it had at the same time to have dignity, to give the impression of both strength and beauty. One might speak of the "Dent touch" for a reprint, but it can hardly be defined because it is personal. Perhaps the reasoning behind it is that a reprint beautiful should be in harmony with its authorship, should have its literary soul suggested by the house in which it dwells.

With Dr. Israel Gollancz to edit it, the "Temple Shakespeare" had a double right to succeed, even among the London booksellers, who are inclined to be conservative about new ventures, perhaps as a result of many experiences of them. They ordered, in advance, eight hundred copies of the

first volume, *The Tempest*, which appeared in 1894. There was nothing over hopeful in those figures, but when the next "Temple Shakespeare" was ready the "subscription" leapt up to six thousand copies. The new English public for the new reprint, designed alike on lines of beauty and usefulness, had been discovered, or had discovered itself. The Temple Shakespeare never looked back after that, and some fresh, authoritative figures can be given in illustration of its great record.

Within fifteen years two and a half million volumes of it were sold in England and America, where its vogue, especially in the schools and colleges, was scarcely less than at home. During the single year 1899 the sale for England and the Colonies was 88,700 volumes. In the same year America took 89,000 volumes, and in 1906 no fewer than 180,000 volumes. Please remember, in estimating what these figures really imply, that the lowest selling price for a complete "Temple Shakespeare" is two pounds. Add that its publisher in London had a yearly order from America for a thousand sets in leather, priced at nearly five pounds each. Then you begin to realize what a large part this series has played in the Anglo-Saxon world, if you only estimate it on the hard basis of money turned over.

It has been well to deal in some particularity with the "Temple Shakespeare" because it was the first series of the newest order of English reprint. It gave everything that the expensive book could give, made no excuses for itself, and just asked to be judged on its merits. With that great challenge it came, was seen and conquered, and after it the companion series of the "Temple Classics." It, in turn, brought the revelation that your reprint could not be of too fine material for the

reader. Dante's *Paradiso*, a work which might have been supposed to appeal only to scholars, soon sold twenty thousand copies. Books like the *Little Flowers of St. Francis*, the *Essays of Elia*, the *Religio Medici*, Malory's *Mort d'Arthur*, and Caxton's *Golden Legend* all went into surprisingly big figures. Yes, the "Temple Classics" led to many forgotten and half-forgotten books being revived, read, and loved by the English people of our day and generation.

Now there has to be recorded the "World's Classics," a library of taste and quality started by a young publisher, Mr. Grant Richards, for it made a real mark on the reprint literary ladder. The man who had been educated at the Board Schools and "blooded" on the tit-bit weekly, took it in gladly, and so did other men. It had a compact business air, and the title, the "World's Classics," contained a subtle flattery not wasted on buyers. Who would not like to be linked with the literary classics of the world? Who indeed? When the library went to the Oxford University Press it almost went to its native classical atmosphere, and it flourishes vigorously. Well over two million volumes of the series have been sold, and the dozen authors who come first in favor, judged by sales, are Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, the Brownings, Keats, Longfellow, Carlyle, Ruskin, Lamb, Homer, Sophocles, and Marcus Aurelius.

Marcus Aurelius has also been one of the high successes of Mr. Dent's largest reprint venture, "Everyman's Library." In eight years, as may be learned on the best authority, 14,000,000 volumes of "Everyman" have been sold to readers of English throughout the world. That is an achievement which must stand by itself in the reprinting of literature, and the Library has not been merely a success in the numbers sold, but in the choice great-

ness of some of the books most demanded. Epictetus, that man of wise philosophy, that ancient master of wisdom while you wait, has sold some 30,000 copies in "Everyman." Its edition of Shakespeare has a record of 120,000 sets, one more proof that of the making of his books there need be no end, so long as it is well done.

But the various surprises of "Everyman" to its fond parent have been a chief consolation for his labors. You would expect "best sellers" in the series to be Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*, Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*, Dickens' *David Copperfield*, Scott's *Ivanhoe*, Browning, Tennyson, Hans Andersen, and always Shakespeare. You do not, however, expect to find the *Everyman Literary and Historical Atlas of Europe* a "best seller," and why should *The Koran* run into a large circulation? It might have been counted on to sell five thousand copies, but 30,000? What is the explanation? Possibly it lies in the motto which might be applied to reprint readers, "We want to know!"

They not only want to know, but they are prepared to understand and sympathize, and this is where the nimble reprint comes into touch with the study of modern social conditions. Ibsen's *Doll's House and Other Essays* has run through successive editions in "Everyman's Library." His *Ghosts* has been widely bought, and so has Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*. Gorki's cry for liberty is finding the ear of the English reader attuned to sympathy towards those who are down and want to rise. His volumes have proved as much, and his story, *The Mother*, will probably double the proof when it comes along in "Everyman." Through the reprint, as through other channels, plain but thinking men are reconstructing the world, even calling for three editions of Swedenborg's

*Heaven and Hell* in "Everyman" to help them reconstruct the other world.

The serious reader is also very much to the front in his buyings from Cassell's "National Library," which, during the past seven-and-twenty years, has sold between 6,000,000 and 7,000,000 volumes. Recent additions to it like Ruskin's *Unto This Last*, Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography*, and Goethe's *Sorrows of Werter* have sold surprisingly well. Cassell's "People's Library," a comparatively new venture, with a more immediate "man-in-the-street" appeal, counts Shakespeare, Ruskin, Browning, De Quincey, Edgar Allan Poe, Stevenson, and Barrie among its "best sellers." "Bohn," in his new shilling volumes, still makes the literary and serious thing go best, for the successes include Morley's *Dutch Republic*, Carlyle's *French Revolution*, Emerson's writings, Dean Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, Charles Lamb's essays, Montaigne's essays, Goethe's *Poetry and Truth of My Own Life*, and Burton's *Pilgrimage to Mecca*. Notable novels which the new "Bohn" has proved to have popularity are Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*, Fanny Burney's *Evelina*, and Trollope's *Barchester Towers*.

So much for the popular reprint of the classic, the serious book, or, at least, the work which time has recognized; and now for the other great stream of this reading, the volume mainly, although not necessarily, recreative. Knowledge, the desire to know, and amusement, the desire to be entertained, blend quite happily in a series like "Nelson's Shilling Library," which reprints current works that have shown their quality in the more highly-priced original editions. Some of the successes in the Library have been Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft's memories, Mr. Hilaire Belloc's *Path to Rome*, Mr. Austin Dobson's *Eighteenth Century Vignettes*, Andrew Lang's *His-*

*torical Mysteries*, Sir Sidney Lee's *Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century*, and Lady Dorothy Nevill's *Reminiscences*.

The good reader is very active, you see; and he has the instinct for getting hold of the book which tells of somebody worth studying, as a special instance may illustrate. "Nelson's Shilling Library" includes a volume, *The Romance of a Pro-Consul*, wherein are told the story and achievements of Sir George Grey, largely in his own words, as taken down from him by a London friend. In *Oceana*, James Anthony Froude says of Grey that his life was a romance. It was also a great triumph for the English-speaking race because he was a father of Greater Britain and the undoubted father of the federal idea, of which so much is coming to be heard. But Sir George Grey found little enough recognition, beyond burial in St. Paul's Cathedral, where he rests with "the wise and the bold." Although time will call him the Walter Raleigh of the Victorian era, the average Englishman seemed to have scarcely heard of him. It could not have been so, however, for ten thousand copies of this pocket *Romance of a Pro-Consul* have been sold within a few years.

Even the sixpenny reprint in paper covers, while it is mostly read for entertainment, has made prosperous serious appeals. The house of Chatto published Justin McCarthy's *Short History of Our Own Times* at sixpence, and was more than justified in the venture. Stevenson's *New Arabian Nights* was done as a paper-cover reprint, and it had many buyers; but still, these were many fewer than the number attracted by volumes like Charles Reade's *Never Too Late to Mend*, Wilkie Collins's *Woman in White*, or "Ouida's" *Under Two Flags*. Those three stories very well typify the reader and the mission of the "six-

penny" in a paper wrapper. You want for it a story with a large appeal, and, at the same time, it must be a good story, with dramatic elements.

Perhaps the history of the sixpenny paper-cover reprint lies more in the past than in the future, but you never can foretell literary fashions. Who originated it? Who knows? Certainly in the 'sixties John Camden Hotten, as shrewd a publisher as London has known, issued a dozen volumes of the *Waverley Novels* at sixpence each in paper covers. They were rather smaller than the present "sixpenny" of the same order, but, like it, they were set in double column. Later came the quarto "sixpenny," a thin, flat thing about the size of a copy-book, and very successful examples of it were Lady Brassey's *Voyage of the Sunbeam*, Charles Kingsley's novels, and *The Ingoldsby Legends*. Behind the call of the old "sixpenny" there was the desire of popular novelists to be read by anybody and everybody. The same quite creditable desire has been an influence in the whole triumphant march of the reprint. What does it mean but the coming together of authors and readers on a new platform, that which the Board Schools began to erect in the famous English in 1870. Some day, perhaps, a publisher will arise who will reprint the ancient classics as paper-cover "sixpennies," not merely one or two of them, for that has been done, but on a large, deliberate scale.

Meanwhile, the handy little "sevenpenny" in cloth, which the Nelsons started, has rather invaded the territory of the familiar "sixpenny," and, in fact, has been a revolution in the world of reprints. Every other publisher almost now has his library of "sevenpennies," but its begetters were the Nelsons, who put down special printing machines for its creation at their works in Edinburgh. There is a

tale of a Chicago man calling there, and, with his native stock-yards in his mind, saying, "I understand I have only to whisper the name of my favorite author at one end of your establishment, and walk round and find his books awaiting me at the other." It is an American story with a nice sense of exaggeration, but it brings out emphatically what the reprint reader owes to an almost fairylike progress in the production of books. Not merely do we now get the book beautiful, where before it was as likely as not to be ugly, but it can be produced so much more cheaply. The wonders of mechanical science are to be seen in every popular reprint which comes to refresh and inspire weary men and women, and without them it could not be in existence at the money.

What was the philosophy behind the "sevenpenny"? It got its price, and the general name by which it is known, in a natural, unpremeditated manner. The Nelsons already had a series of sixpenny cloth reprints of familiar books, which are copyright. When they decided to organize a similar series of modern copyright fiction, they had to count in something for the author's royalty, and the "sixpenny" became the "sevenpenny." It had occurred to them that there should be a public for the modern novel in pocket form, similar to the public which had been proved to exist for reprints of the classics in pocket form; that is, a public which buys books to keep them.

The vision has been fully realized, for in the half-a-dozen years since then the reprint has, as the Americans would say, more than "made good." It is bought by all sorts of people; by those who can afford dearer books and by those who cannot; by those who travel and by those who stay at home. You will find it on the bedroom shelves of a country house, and equally you will find it in the "but and ben"



of a country cottage. Somebody has said with wit and wisdom that the "sevenpenny" is to current literature what the halfpenny paper is to journalism; there is a big public which finds it enough, and there is a smaller public which takes it in as an extra. One thing made clear by the experience of the Nelsons is that the tastes of the "sevenpenny" public are as wide as modern fiction itself.

You might like the names of a few of the Nelson sevenpenny novels which have done particularly well! An early number, Miss Macnaughtan's bright comedy with a Scottish setting, *Christina McNab*, simply rushed into a sale of 100,000 copies. There was also, about the same time, a very large sale for Mr. Richard Whiteing's No. 5 *John Street*, which is not a comedy, but rather a tragedy of London. George Gissing's *Odd Women* did well at sevenpence, which proves a buying public not out merely for thrills and sensations. Other successes which speak for themselves and need no bush have been *Kipps*, by Mr. H. G. Wells; *Micah Clarke*, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle; *The Prisoner of Zenda*, by Mr. Anthony Hope; *The Four Feathers*, by Mr. A. E. W. Mason; *The Vultures*, by Mr. Seton Merriman; *French Nan*, by Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle; and, quite recently, *A Gentleman of France* and *Barlasch of the Guard*.

We have had several series, notably the "Home University Library," which do not strictly belong to the reprint movement, and yet are of it. They are its handmaidens; what it has brought in its trail; popular books telling of thought and action in our day, as the classics tell of these in ancient days. Their influence should be remembered when we ask ourselves what is the moral, the lesson, the teaching of the books-for-the-people revolution. Nothing happens on a great scale without

underlying causes; there are deep reasons for a tidal-wave or an earthquake; what are the reasons here? That carries us to another question: Who are the chief buyers of reprints, meaning specifically the serious ones as distinct from the ones in lighter vein, which everybody or anybody buys?

"There," said one man to another, indicating the contents of a lovely bookcase, "I have all the gems of literature." "Uncut, I see," was the mordant comment, for this was a fanciful booklover, if he was really one at all. The popular reprint issues to the world uncut because it is bought, not to be kept in a glass house, but to be read. It is a pretty occupation, especially if you live in a London flat with limited space, to collect pocket editions, and perhaps gradually evolve your library into them. But this buyer does not count in the multitude who consume new reprints, nor does the precious reader in any form really count. The professional man, the business man, the city clerk, the shop assistant, and the typist girl all buy reprints in a degree, but they do not make the huge market which goes on year in and year out.

Who do? Two great populations, the mechanics and other hand-workers of our industrial centres, and the workers of the country regions, like the colliers; men in both cases who have begun with a good School Board education and kept up the pursuit of knowledge.

The Scottish people in the mass have for centuries been genuine book readers, thanks to their democratic system of education, which has always enabled the poorest boy, if he had the scholar in him, to "wag his paw in a pulpit" or anywhere else. Naturally, Scotland is now a very fine buyer of the reprint, but the northern counties of England are creeping up on her, and

"gallant little Wales" has come into the race. Even Ireland, which has been behind in the alliance between the hodden-grey man and the popular book, is looking up, quite apart from the purely Irish literary movement, which is discharging its own mission. Isn't it a splendid thing for the reprint to have moved the democracies of our islands like this? Moreover, it is a bond, unseen but fruitful in high results, linking them with the peoples of the British Commonwealths overseas, and with the Great American Republic.

Knowledge is not only power in these days, but a federation of power such as the world has never seen before. Conceive a picture of half-a-dozen Scottish shepherds in their communal shieling of an evening; another of as many Welsh miners met on a hill-face of a Sunday afternoon; a third of a group of English mechanics taking a walk together on a Saturday; a fourth of some American steelworkers in Pittsburgh, exchanging views in the midday dinner hour; a fifth of a group of Rand miners discussing labor and life there; a sixth of the men on an Australian bush-

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station, reviewing things when the day's work is done!

Then suppose that those far-flung groups, representative of the democracies of their various countries, have all been reading, in popular reprints, say, the poetry of Burns and Byron, of Keats and Shelley; the fiction of George Eliot and Charles Kingsley, of Thomas Hardy and Tolstoy; the economics of Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill, of John Ruskin and Henry George; the great thoughts of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson; the great-heartedness of Charles Dickens and William Shakespeare; and perhaps the Sermon on the Mount itself, in the English book which is reprinted most of all—do you think the earth is afterwards going to turn just in the same way for the multitude dwelling on its surface? No!

Well, there you see the place and influence of the popular modern English reprint, and you, my lords and masters, who have cracked the whip of control so long, will, if you are wise, take grave note of this, remembering that the history which most counts is history lying ahead, over the hills, but not far away.

*James Milne.*

## ILTING, THE BELL-RINGER.

Ilting was not so very old yet; but he was such a shrivelled-up little man that people who did not know him often thought he was quite seventy. As a matter of fact, he was nearer sixty.

As he stood beside the minister in the vestry before the sermon, when he came to fetch the hymn sheet for the organist, he only reached up to Walter's shoulders. It must be admitted that Walter was very tall, but, on the other hand, Ilting was particularly small.

And as he was very thin and had a small face and absolutely gray hair, people often thought he was older than he really was. Also, few of the villagers had ever known another bell-ringer in Eastloorn; he had held that post for forty years, and so he might well be reckoned among the old men in the village.

"But look here," Ilting would sometimes say to the elders; "there is Ake, who is much older than I; and the baker's widow, Mrs. Goestel; and you yourself, Kremar, you are four years

older than I am. Do you remember that when we were at school together you were two forms higher than I was? And you, Wendel, did you not always defend me against the other boys at school, because I was so small and you so much older?"

And so a conversation about their boyhood was often started in the vestry, to which Walter liked to listen. These old men never forgot the days of their youth; and there was very little belonging to that time of which they needed to feel ashamed.

Ilting was the bell-ringer of the Reformed Church. The other church had not got a bell yet.

"When shall we have one?" the deacons would sometimes say; "we should have one too." Upon which Senserff always answered: "Oh, a bell is to be got; and I have no doubt that we shall have one some day; but that would not give us Ilting!" They would have liked him to join their Church; for they knew he was a good sort; but Ilting had refused to break away from the Reformed Church.

"No, no," he had said to Schepers, when he spoke to him about the matter, "I am not going to do it!" And that was all, he did not give any reasons.

But in the evening he had remarked to his wife: "Schepers wanted to persuade me to join them, but what would I do in the other church? I have pulled the rope here for forty years, and I could not bear to see another man standing in my place on Sundays. Besides that, the doctrine which Walter teaches us is no worse than Senserff's was! Why should I hand over the bell-rope to another man?" And his wife thought he was quite right in his judgment.

Those who knew him well were wont to say that his very soul was in the bell.

After Walter had been in Eastloorn a short time he had sent for Ilting one day. For Ilting was verger too.

"Listen, my friend," Walter had said, "I do not know everything yet; you must give me some information, for you, being the verger, are just the man for that. For instance, about the christening. Next Sunday there is a christening service, and I want to know whether it is the custom for the parents of the child to give notice at my house on Saturday evenings? And tell me, will you, are there free seats in church, and, if so, have they all been taken?" And Walter asked him many more questions.

It was an important moment in the little verger's life, he giving information to the minister! "That is a man after my own heart!" he had remarked to his wife in the evening. "I assure you he takes things seriously and wishes to know the ropes! Look at Senserff now, he never asked me such questions. I suppose he found it all out by himself, or perhaps he learned it from the professor who taught him! But this one wants to learn from me! And I have helped him! Mark my words, he will not make any mistakes, although he is just starting!"

On that same occasion, Walter, who often had strange ideas for which he could not account, asked him suddenly: "Ilting, I hear you have been bell-ringer here for such a long time; are you not tired of pulling that rope for thirty or forty years?"

Ilting had seldom looked more astonished in his life. For one moment he looked confused, as some one would to whom it had been said: "What a poor job you have! Have you never been able to do better than that?"

Then he pulled himself together, and his answer was like that of an old man reproving a boy.

"Sir," he had said, "I wonder what you would say if some one tried to

make out that you do not really love your profession as a minister, but that you had only chosen it as a job, to earn money?"

"Then I should say that he was mistaken, and I should prove it by telling him how much my stipend is," Walter said, laughingly; "and he who still maintained that I did it for the pay I should call an ass to his face!"

"Sir, how can you think then that I could get tired of pulling the rope? Do you know how it is? Look here: when a man has just become a minister . . . ."

"A bell-ringer," Walter corrected.

"No, I say what I mean!" Ilting said. "When a man becomes a minister he starts full of courage and with great expectations. He preaches his sermon as if it would be a joy for him every Sunday of his life. But, after this has gone on for some years, he begins to feel as if he has said all he had to say. And then he sits in his study, thinking: 'What on earth must I say to the people? I have said it all, and some things I have told them twice!' That is a hard time for a minister. But after he has passed through that difficult stage, if he is the right man for his calling, his sermons will get more depth. Some ministers get it by losing a child. Other ministers get it by having to endure opposition from their own congregation. Others by being very poor, and not knowing how to make both ends meet, and still remaining honest men. But in any case they get it by coming through a great sorrow; never without that. But the depth in the nature comes, and then only are they able to preach a sermon as they never did before. And only then do they begin to love their office better than they ever thought they could. And, well, you had better not ask a minister of that sort whether he gets tired of preaching Sunday after Sunday. What do

you think he would answer you?"

"How do you know all that, Ilting?" Walter asked, now quite seriously. For Walter had been one of those who had often wondered what he should find to say after he had been in the pulpit for several years. And this had become a source of great anxiety to him, and he knew that it would be even more so later on.

"How do I know that, sir?" Ilting said. "Do you think we, who sit in the pews and watch you while you are speaking, do not hear that? So many ministers have preached here; when the old minister was ill, and afterwards, when the old man was dead, and the ministers of the district came in turns, we had all sorts and conditions. But do you think we could not hear who had come through the great sorrow and who had not?"

Walter was very grave now: "And what about me? Must I also still come through the great sorrow?"

The little verger looked at his minister with frank and honest eyes, and gathering together all his courage, he said: "Yes, sir!"

Walter would have liked to shake hands with the old man, but he was afraid of any affectation, so he restrained himself. A brave feeling came over him, as if he hoped that the great sorrow might come soon; for he wanted to be a good minister.

"But, sir, I have not finished yet," the bell-ringer resumed. "All I said about a minister applies to a bell-ringer as well, in a small way. When we start ringing the church-bell shortly after our appointment, we do it with a beginner's zeal. We are delighted with our appointment and with the extra pay in connection with it. And we give the rope a good tug and let it shoot high up into the air. I admit that's the way, you see! But after we have done it for a short time, the novelty of the thing begins to wear off.

We forget all about the extra pay connected with it, and we forget that twenty others applied for the post at the same time as we did. And then our arms go up wearily and come down without an effort; how can the ringing be good then? The people can hear by the ringing for how many years a bell-ringer has been in the service. Do you not think so, sir? . . . And then in later years the depth comes. A man's soul is in the bell. People say it about me, and they may laugh; but it is quite true! When I am busy nowadays I know what I am doing. Oh, the happiness of saying to the people on Sundays: 'Stop working, and lay aside all care, and come to church, for the minister wants to tell you what God has given to the world!'

"Did you have to come through the great sorrow too, Ilting, before there was depth in your ringing?"

The little man did not answer. Walter understood, and asked again.

"Tell me, Ilting, what was your sorrow?"

But the little man did not answer.

Then Walter was silent too.

The minister and his verger often conversed together in this way, as the latter stood by the door full of respect and holding his cap in his hand, as long as it pleased the master to talk to him.

One thing was sure, however; the man's soul was in the bell.

The little man had a greater influence with his ringing in the parish than many a one thought, or than he imagined himself.

That was quite natural.

When he tolled the bell at six o'clock in the morning, and at midday, and at six o'clock in the evening, and on Sunday before the two services,—the peals of the bell reached the ears of all the people, both in the village and beyond, and it was quite natural

that the sound of the ringing often brought the figure of the little bell-ringer before their mind's eye.

"When I heard the deep tones of the Cathedral bell in Utrecht, I somehow never thought of a man doing it. I heard the sound, and that was all. But here, I always see the rope, and at the foot of the rope little Ilting with his small face and gray hair. And that picture speaks more to me than the bell-ringing itself. I only preach two sermons a week, but that man preaches three times every day!" Walter would say.

And it was the same with all the parishioners. The little man's figure was connected with the ringing of the bell; they saw him as they heard him.

What did he preach about then?

One of the sermons which Ilting delivered by means of his bell,—for he had various ones,—was: "It is God that giveth the power to get wealth."

How could the people know that he was preaching this to the most distant farmer, coming out of his house to watch his laborers; to the most distant peat-worker, going across the water in his scow; and to Soer the shepherd boy, as he was watching the sheep on the moor? He had never told them that there was a hidden meaning in his ringing. And yet they knew it. How was that, then?

It was because the people knew something about him.

It was twenty years ago. At that time Ilting was a man who had never thought of the fact that it is the Lord who giveth the power to get wealth. Deep down in his heart, there had been a little voice which never ceased saying: "Ilting, you also must become a rich man. Just like Harders, and just like Wemel! You also must possess land and live on a big farm, and sit in the best room with your wife, and drive to town with your son Ruurd on a cart drawn by two horses. Ilting,



that is happiness, the greatest happiness a man can have! Come on, man! Why should you not get on, just as well as the others? Are you not just as clever as Harders, and as Wemel? Push forward, man!"

That was at the time about which he had spoken to Walter, at the time when there was no depth in his ringing, and he had forgotten that twenty others had applied for the place which he had got, and when he did not remember that there was a salary connected with the tolling of the bell, a salary which makes hard work light.

He heard that little voice day and night. He could listen to nothing else. He could not even hear the peals of the bell which he himself rang out from the tower. The little voice was far louder; it sounded above the ringing.

Sometimes, after the last peals had died away, he would climb up the tower, first up one ladder, and then up another little one. There was a small trap-door which he could just open. It looked toward the West. The crows and the pigeons which he disturbed in their nests would fly about his head.

"What are you doing here, Ilting?" the crows would shriek. "We shall beat you with our wings, and we shall scratch out your eyes with our beaks! Go away, Ilting! Come, be quick!"

But he was not in a friendly mood then. Why should those crows stand in his way? He wanted to become rich. Did they not want him to attain his goal? And he frightened away the birds with a long stick.

And he would sometimes sit looking out of that trap-door, with keen eyes, wondering where that piece of land would be when he got that at length. Would it be to the West? What a pity, he often thought, that the church-wardens had never had a trap-door made looking out to the East

and on the other sides of the tower as well! Now he was forced always to look out in the same direction. He was never very cheerful when he came down again. And he detested crows ever afterwards.

Still he said: "I shall get my wish; before I am ten years older I shall be rich, in one way or another!" And the time was coming when the little man would try to become rich with all his mind and with all his power and with all his heart, but without God, who gives the power to get wealth.

Ilting had a friend in the schoolmaster, Mr. Boeser.

It is not always the case that the verger and the parish clerk are good friends; but Ilting and the parish clerk, old Master Boeser, were very fond of each other.

In Southloorn on the contrary—the verger and the parish clerk were sworn foes. The two always looked at each other, as if they wanted to say: "Do you also want to serve the church, and do you also want to hold an office in the church?" The precentor also thought: "I cannot understand why the parish thinks it necessary to have a verger at all; they could surely have given me the little extra work, with the pay!" And the verger in his turn thought: "What is the good of that man? He has been done away with in several villages in the North! Now we have an organ we could quite well do without him!"

Ilting and Master Boeser were old friends. And their friendship had become even greater since the schoolmaster had given up teaching and was living on a pension.

The schoolmaster was not at all conceited! He was not too proud to make a friend of the little verger. The two gray-headed old men were often seen walking together in the village street or among the cornfields, or sitting at the fireside. The friendship

was increased by the fact that even in their most confidential chats Ilting always called the other one "Master," although he had never been taught by him.

"Master," the bell-ringer had said one day, twenty years ago, "it is Saturday, and you are free this afternoon, so why not come out with me? I want to go to the West moor. It is about an hour's walk, but there is time enough."

And the two men, then still in the prime of life, had set out together.

When they had arrived at their destination Ilting said: "Just look round now! I have often seen this sight from the church tower. Do you notice that there are no hills here as on the east side? The country is flat as far as your eye can see. Just think if, in the future, this should all be changed into meadows, with cattle grazing on them. Can you picture it? Just think of the plovers rising up from among the cows, and in summer hay-wagons being pulled across by strong horses."

The schoolmaster tried to picture the scene. He wondered when it would be.

"And do you see how the ground slopes gently and evenly down towards the river Vecht? You would not require any mills here to keep the ground dry! And it is not too high either, so that it would be moist enough in summer! Do you see that, master?"

The schoolmaster saw it, and looked round with a wise face at everything that Ilting pointed out to him.

"The question to be considered is whether there is a little black earth under the heath. We must look and see, master!"

Boeser understood then why the verger had brought out his spade. He dug out the heather and shoved the spade deep into the ground, until only the wood was seen. He did this many times, until a small space was laid open,

where the two men knelt down, bending down like a pair of gold-seekers, letting the earth run between their fingers.

"That black soil is not so bad, master! And it is fairly deep too!"

Later on they tried it in another spot, and afterwards again, a little farther on.

Boeser was feeling very important; he felt like an antiquarian digging up curiosities dating from the time of the Romans. But Ilting made no secret of the fact that it would not affect him in the least if they should find an urn, or anything like that. The verger became more and more excited, and his eyes glistened.

"Now we must find out if here is a clay bank under the sand! Now we shall have to work, master!"

And going back to one of the parts which he had laid open, the man began to dig as fast as he could until at last he was standing up to his hips in a deep hole.

"No clay bank, no clay bank!" he shouted. "Now we must try again, over there!"

Now Boeser took over the spade; and he worked until he was bathed in perspiration. For he was accustomed to use a spade only in his garden, to do the light work that there is to be done in a schoolmaster's garden.

Ilting set to work, and again he exclaimed after a short time: "No clay bank! no clay bank!"

After that the two friends sat down beside the hole on the sand they had dug up.

And it was only then that the verger told the schoolmaster about his great plan, of which he had dreamed for days and weeks.

"Look here," he said, "I mean to buy a few acres of ground here. We shall make it into meadows. We must succeed, old man! I have saved up two

hundred guilders; they are on deposit at the notary's. You have some money too, master. Will you help me? I have always wished for some land; it will be our first possession!"

The two friends were very excited for Eastloorn men.

And when they went home,—as it was getting dark,—they had agreed to do a thing that every man in the village, had he known about it, would have advised them not to do. Ilting and Boeser were the very last who could be expected to carry out a scheme of that sort, or to know anything about it.

Next day was a Sunday, so that Ilting could not work out his plan any further. That day seemed very long.

But early on Monday morning he was the first to appear at the notary's office. The clerk was not even there yet.

"Ilting, my man, there is surely something very important that you are wanting me so early," said Van der Velden, the man who had been long enough in Eastloorn to know every person in the district, and in the surrounding districts.

He, the notary, knew them in a different manner to the minister.

"Do you think you know the people," he had said one day to Walter, "I know much more about them. He who has not had any financial dealings with people must not think that he knows them."

And Walter had not been able to say much in his own defence. He felt that the man was speaking the truth to a certain extent. He, Walter, was convinced that he weighed the hearts of his farmers fairly accurately, but that man, in his office, laid them on a different scale.

"I suppose you have never had to divide an inheritance?" the notary remarked scornfully, "and I suppose you are still at peace with your relations?"

Walter had to admit this reluctantly, although it was a confession of his poverty.

Van der Velden was laying Ilting now on his balance when he asked him innocently what brought him to the office so early.

"Sir," Ilting said, "I want my two hundred guilders that are here on interest."

"What?"

"And then I would like you to make out a deed of sale, saying that I have bought ten acres of Wemel's moor,—you know where that lies, sir,—for that sum."

"Ilting, when did you do that?"

"Early this morning, when Wemel was driving his cart to his clover fields: we have arranged it all."

"You farmers are up early, I must say! When others are still asleep you have already bought and sold half a kingdom! You deserve to get rich. . . ."

In the course of conversation Ilting's whole plan leaked out.

The villagers were accustomed to talk over all their private affairs with the notary as with their best friend. It was a curious fact that some farmers who were reserved with everyone else made a confidant of him. He knew many secrets; one could see that in his face. His eyes seemed to say: "If only you knew how much we know, and what we have seen sitting in that same chair before you! But we are not going to disclose anything!" The farmers liked him for it. And the slyer the look in his eyes the better the farmers liked him. There was a tacit agreement between the notary and all who had dealings with him that he should be silent and they should trust him. And both sides kept strictly to that compact. "An excellent notary," was the general opinion. And the notary's purse did well through it. He was becoming a rich man.

He promised Ilting to do as he desired, and told him that he could start cultivating the land if he liked.

But when the little man was gone, his wise eyes seemed to say: "Some more news! But silence now! If that plan succeeds I shall buy up Wemel's moor! However did the fellow think of it, the little bell-ringer!"

Things had not gone well with Ilting.

He had dug and dived for many weeks, until he had finished one piece of ground. He had covered it with artificial manure and sown grass seed on it. This was the accepted method in some parts and had been tried with success.

But, although the grass came up very well the first year, the second year the heather had grown in abundance once more. During those two years and the two which followed the schoolmaster's two hundred guilders were soon spent. The heather certainly had the oldest rights on the soil; who could say how old those rights were? The notary did not buy any of Wemel's moor.

There was a certain amount of joking about the matter in the village, although the people were far too polite to speak to the bell-ringer about it. "Ilting should not have done it," the good ones remarked gently; "if it had been possible, surely Wemel's father would have tried it."

Only Dreese, old Dreese, who was always a little sharp, could not help saying, as they were talking on the Square one evening: "Ilting, you belong to the land-owners now. Ten acres! it is no joke! We shall have to look out for a new bell-ringer soon, for I suppose you will be giving up that job!"

Ilting had not answered a word. And the other men on the Square all thought that Dreese had once more let his tongue run away with him.

"Ilting's moor" that piece of ground was always called after that. For the people had too much respect for the schoolmaster to call it "Boeser and Ilting's moor."

Ilting, however, could not forget that he had persuaded the schoolmaster to do a foolish thing, and it caused the little man much worry. He felt that he must make good the loss, for Ilting knew it was his fault. But he wondered how long he would have to wait before he could save even a hundred guilders. It was such a large sum.

Their friendship, however, did not suffer from it. That was partly the schoolmaster's doing. He had remarked very magnanimously that in his position he should have been wiser, and that he should have warned the other and kept him from doing it. But, with all his kindness, the master could not keep Ilting from fretting. On the contrary, he worried even more when, some time after, the minister,—it was the old minister, before the Dissension,—took for his sermon this text: "But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God; for it is He that giveth thee power to get wealth, that He may establish His covenant which He sware unto thy fathers, as it is this day."

The old minister was full of tact, and he knew exactly how to choose a subject which contained a life's lesson; and it was generally one which the farmers required more than anything else, those farmers, who always have to work so hard from morning to night. "I must see that they are not altogether engrossed in their work, which might cause them to forget more important things. I must see about that; it is my business," he often thought.

And when the old minister had finished his sermon that morning, Ilting suddenly saw clearly how he had been living for the past weeks and months.

"I have not known what happiness is," he said softly, as he sat in the pew near the entrance of the church.

After church he saw Dreese standing outside on the Square, and he thought he knew what the latter was thinking. Wishing to frustrate his sharp remarks, he said humbly: "The minister's words were aimed at me to-day!"

"That is quite possible, my man!" Dreese said mercilessly.

And after that day there was a look on Ilting's face which meant: "I have committed a great sin in buying those ten acres of ground."

The other men tried to cheer him up a little, but they were not very successful.

"It is on account of those two hundred guilders that he looks so miserable," Dreese said, after Ilting had left.

But the others said: "You must not say that, Dreese,—the cause lies deeper than that."

It was in those days that a little depth began to come into Ilting's ringing. All the time a small voice seemed to be whispering to him, as he bent his little body up and down in pulling the rope: "You were on a wrong road, Ilting! You must not wish to be great like Harders and Wemel! Could you not be quite contented and happy with your wife and with your son Ruurd?"

And so it was that, when the people of Eastloorn heard the peals of the bell at certain hours of the day, they always thought of that incident in Ilting's life, and it taught them this lesson: "You must not wish to be great, as Ilting did; be contented, surely that is enough!"

The little bell-ringer was a greater influence in the parish than either he or anyone else knew; he preached to the most distant farmer, as he came out of his house to watch his men; and to the most distant peat-worker, as he crossed the water on his scow;

and to Soer, the shepherd boy, as he watched his sheep on the moor.

But a still greater depth was to come into his ringing.

The day would come when his friend, old Boeser, was to depart from this earth, before Ilting was able to pay back the two hundred guilders, which the old schoolmaster refused to accept.

The master had been ailing for a considerable time. In the beginning of winter the churchwardens had said: "You must let the new master take over your work, Boeser, and when you get a little stronger, you can do it yourself again." They said this, although they knew only too well that there was not much chance of it.

But they could not induce Boeser to give in. "How can I do that?" he had remarked to Ilting that same afternoon, and Ilting was of the same opinion.

One Sunday, a few months later, the churchwardens had said to the verger: "Look here, Ilting, your friend is failing fast!"

Ilting liked them to say "Your friend," and he was proud of it. He wondered what else they were going to say.

"And now we thought perhaps you might be able to persuade him. You have a certain amount of influence over him."

That remark hurt Ilting, for he remembered the purchase of the ten acres of ground, when he had also been able to influence the master. But he listened to what they had to say.

"Perhaps you could induce him to allow the new master to do the reading in the meantime! You know as well as we do, Ilting, that the old man can scarcely walk to church any more."

This also hurt Ilting. He wondered whether the churchwardens did not know what it feels like for a man to



allow others to do his good work! He did not answer.

"And then, Ilting, you understand, of course, that it will have to be sooner or later. The master can scarcely see any more. Some people say that he is almost blind; one can notice it, as he turns over the leaves of the Bible; he almost touches the page with his face to see whether he is right. It is wonderful how well he manages. When he has found the place then he seems to see quite well, and need not hold his face so close to the book."

The verger did not say that he thought the reason of this was that the master was so well versed in the Bible, after having read it at home and in church for sixty years!

"So we hope you understand what we mean, Ilting," the churchwardens continued. "It is not that we are tired of the master, but it is for his own good that we should wish him to resign."

It was only then that Ilting spoke, and his voice trembled as he said: "Does the master not read well enough?"

And the churchwardens knew that they could not count upon any help from that quarter.

Ilting, however, was not satisfied. "I must find out how blind the master really is," he thought; "next Sunday I shall know."

When on the following Sunday the master was going to start reading, and the whole congregation was looking up at him with much reverence, Ilting, sitting in his distant pew by the door, noticed how much trouble his friend seemed to have in finding the right page. He had been told to read the Ninetieth Psalm, and, after a considerable time had passed, he had evidently found it. He began to read. "A Prayer of Moses the man of God. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the

mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God!"

"Now we can all see how well the master still reads," Ilting thought. "The churchwardens may say what they like about it. That man blind! Surely he would hesitate then! But afterwards I shall know for certain!"

And when the old man had read the last verse, as far as the minister had told him to go, namely, the twelfth verse: "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom!" Ilting said to himself: "Now I must look carefully whether or not the master turns over the leaf. I hope he will not; then I shall know, afterwards!"

The verger was far from attentive during that service. He kept on gazing at the master to see whether he would leave the Bible as it was. And he became more and more elated as the service drew to a close that the Bible was open at the Ninetieth Psalm.

As soon as the service was over, and even before all the people had left the church, Ilting hastened to the precentor's desk. The old schoolmaster had been led away gently by his wife.

Then Ilting bent his head over the Bible, and he looked, and . . . the Bible was open at the Books of the Prophets! "Ezekiel" Ilting read with incredulous eyes.

It was clear now; the master was blind, really blind.

And all that turning over the leaves had only been a dodge to lead the people to believe that he could see fairly well still, so that they might let him remain the parish clerk.

Ilting did not tell anyone about it. But it was no longer necessary; for in that same week the master became very ill, and on the following Sunday the new schoolmaster was in the old man's place.

Who could tell for how many Sundays Master Boeser had read his chapter by heart?

When the story came out afterwards, the people of Eastloorn were proud that the knowledge of the Scriptures was so great in the village as had been proved by the master. "Just let the schoolmaster of Southloorn try to do that!" Ilting said.

But since then the bell-ringer was a very lonely man, and a great sadness crept into his heart; as if he felt that his last days could not be very far off either. And always the last words which he had heard his beloved friend speak seemed to sound in his ears, those words which he had read with blind eyes: "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

He thought of it as he tugged at the bell-rope in the church tower, and the new sermon which now rang out over all the parish was that the people should give more thought to their latter end. And sometimes that sermon was understood; often it was understood by the people, as they stood among the cornfields in the hot sun, holding their sickles; and sometimes, also, it was understood by someone lying ill in bed, as the peals of the bell reached his ears through rickety windows and badly fitting doors.

And in this way a little more depth came into Ilting's ringing.

But, a little later, something else happened which made Ilting even better. It took place a few years before the great drought.

He had one son, an only child. Ruurd was born when the parents had almost given up hope of ever having a child. He had grown into a sturdy lad; had gone to school at Master Boeser's, and afterwards worked with one of the farmers. He was as good a laborer as one could possibly find.

And Ruurd had cast an eye on one

of the village girls. This was golden-haired Reeze, who was liked by all in the village; and Ruurd's parents were very pleased with his choice.

For they had thought at one time that their son was not thinking of marrying. It was not that he did not like to mix with the girls; but when his parents talked about marriage he would laugh, and make a joke of it.

"He will never do it!" Ilting sometimes said to his wife.

And she would answer: "They like them all nowadays, that's the worst of it! In our day we liked only one, and we married that one. The boys and girls are quite different nowadays."

So his parents were pleasantly surprised when Ruurd told them about golden-haired Reeze. And, as they sat together by the fire in their little room, they built castles in the air, such as they had never dreamed of building before.

One evening Ruurd and Reeze had gone for a walk on the lonely dyke by the side of the Vecht. And they had met Joop, the son of Ake, crazy Ake. And Reeze had clung very close to Ruurd as the men passed and wished each other good evening.

"Ruurd," she said, when Joop was far off, "help me against that man! I am so frightened, Ruurd! Yesterday he stopped me as I came back from milking the cows, and he said that I must give you up and belong to him! I wanted to run away, but he held me by my arm until I began to scream! I hate him, Ruurd! And I am so frightened! He is a worse man than any in the parish; you surely know about Seine, whose child has no father!"

The next day the two men had come across each other again in Dieter's little oak-wood, and Ruurd had grinned at Joop recklessly, as if he wanted to say: "You have come

too late, my man! The girl belongs to me! She does not want to have anything to do with you!"

Joop had understood that grin perfectly, and in passing he had turned round suddenly and had said, as some one who is controlling his anger: "Look here, Ruurd, I shall let you have the girl. It is the first time I have been honestly fond of a girl, and she shall not be made miserable by me! You can have her, but I tell you, man, do not laugh at me again, I could not stand it!" And, saying this, he had walked off.

And yet, a day later, Ruurd had grinned at him again, recklessly. It happened at Iken's buckwheat field. And there Ruurd's dead body was found, with six or seven deep cuts of a knife in his breast and his side, and great gashes in his face. The buckwheat flowers on that spot had been trampled down, and were red with blood.

During that week someone else had rung the bell for Ilting, and also when the funeral took place. It seemed strange to Ilting to hear the peals of the bell on his road to the churchyard. He had never heard the bell rung before; it was an unknown sound to him, coming as it did from the tower, and from one side, instead of from above. In the churchyard he kept on thinking of that sound; he could scarcely concentrate his thoughts on what was taking place. And the minister was astonished to hear Ilting's answer when he said: "Come Ilting, I will give you my arm. We must go home; it is finished." The minister was astonished to hear his answer: "Do the other people hear the ringing of the bell as I do?" The minister thought that the man had gone mad with grief.

During those days, while someone else did his work, he asked many people: "Why have the churchwardens

had another bell hung in the tower? The old one was good enough, surely, I cannot understand the churchwardens!" And so it was quite natural that some people thought as the minister did.

But the madness passed off when, a week later he started ringing the church bell again. From that day he was cured of his strange sayings. And the people on the Square said of the doctor, who had given him some medicine during that week: "We have a clever doctor! Just let the doctor in South-loorn cure anyone of madness, and that in a fortnight!"

And that was the great sorrow in Ilting's life, a sorrow such as he had never known before.

And ever afterwards, the people, as they heard the peals of the bell, could not help thinking of the man standing at the rope. And, as they thought of him, while the bell rang forth, they often said to themselves: "Quite true, Ilting, life is difficult, and we must often give up even our greatest treasure upon earth. That is why He has said: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, but treasures in heaven!" I shall remember, Ilting!" Many people thought in this way, as they stood among the cornfields in the blazing sun, with a sickle in their hands; or others, as they lay ill in bed and as the sound of the bell came towards them through rickety windows and badly fitting doors.

And when Walter heard the story later, and understood, he knew what Ilting had meant when he had once said, as he stood cap in hand in the study door, that only by a great sorrow could there be depth, either in a sermon or in the ringing of a church bell. And once more Walter wished, like a brave man, that the great sorrow might come to him soon. For he hoped with all his heart to be a good minister.

Wiegen, the Dreamer, was very fond of Iltig. He would have liked to become Iltig's friend, to have occupied the empty place left by Boeser. But he knew he could never fill that place; for Boeser was the schoolmaster, and he had once been a poor shepherd boy,

who had only just escaped growing up the wrong way.

"Go on ringing, Iltig, go on ringing," he said to himself, as the bell pealed forth; "for you are ringing in the Kingdom—that is certain!"

S. Ulfers.

## WHAT GERMANY IS THINKING.

While it is the business of our military authorities to learn as much as they can about the military resources, dispositions, and plans of the enemy, it may often be good policy to conceal from the enemy the possession of this knowledge. This sound rule explains why our anxious public can be told so little about many really critical events of war until some time after they have happened. But this rule can have no reasonable application to any sort of information which can be obtained by reading the public press of the enemy country. On the contrary, since not only our military and naval forces but our nation as a whole is called upon to exert all its powers for success in a protracted struggle, the issue of which may depend as much upon national *moral* intelligence, and economic resources as upon military prowess, it is clearly good for us to know as much as possible about the condition of affairs in Germany and the state of mind of the German people. For this purpose, easy and full access to the German press is evidently desirable. It is impossible to discover any reason for the rigorous embargo put upon the introduction of German newspapers into this country. The hasty selection of a few fragmentary passages, by the few English daily newspapers which are permitted to receive newspapers from Germany, does not do what is wanted. It is of supreme importance that we should know what is being thought and felt

and done in Germany. The current press is far more useful for teaching the real "mind of Germany" than a hasty reading of Bernhardi.

This obvious truth has been reinforced in us by the study of a file of the "*Berliner Tageblatt*" for September, which, together with some numbers of leading Frankfort and Hamburg papers, happens to have come into our possession. The resemblance between the German "mind" thus revealed and the English mind as exhibited in our press is most striking. This applies not merely to what may be termed the general qualities of war-patriotism, the unanimous confidence in the justice of the war, the conviction that it was forced upon them by the base and treacherous designs of their enemies, and the confident assurance that their cause will be triumphant in the end. Still more remarkable is the similarity in methods employed to maintain and evoke the sentiments of confidence and hatred. The same array of fighting songs strike the notes of God, King, Home, and Country. Here, for example, is a rollicking verse from the pen of Fritz Herz:—

"Wir kämpfen fürs Leben, wie kämpfen fürs Recht,  
Wir kämpfen fürs kommende Geschlecht,  
Für Weib und Kind, für Hof und Haus;  
Wir führen für unsern Herr Gott den Strauss,

Für unsere Scholle, für jeden Stein,  
Feinde ringsum! Mag es sem."

The testimony of divines, jurists, historians and literary men to the righteousness of their country's cause is complete. Learned men explain to the German public the true inwardness of the British mind. An "Oberlehrer" of the Kaiser-Wilhelm Real-Gymnasium treats the readers of the "Tageblatt" to a scathing article upon "Fair Play" as the basic principle of English ethics, showing the defects of the sportsman's morality as compared with the higher spiritual conceptions of German teaching, which he summarizes in "the four brazen words of the freedom-singer of Rügen":—

"Deutsche Freiheit, deutscher Gott,  
Deutscher Glaube ohne Spott  
Deutsches Herz und deutscher Stahl!"

It is a trifle difficult for Englishmen to believe that Germans can hold that this war is undertaken by Germany for the liberation of European peoples. Yet this is the thesis of a quite serious article under the title "Deutschland bringt die Freiheit," in which it is contended that the triumph of Germany will bring, not only to the despotism of Russia, but to the so-called democratic nations of the West, the true freedom, which consists in "the fullest and strongest possible development of the moral powers latent in mankind."

What a farrago of hypocrisy! English readers will be disposed to say. Yet it is impossible to read such writing without recognizing that the writers are saying what they believe. What we are confronted with is simply a startling exhibition of the havoc which war wreaks upon the human mind. English readers have had before them the passionate and eloquent appeal of Romain Rolland to the great German playwright, Gerhardt Hauptmann, to disclaim the vandalism of his

countrymen. Hauptmann's reply (misquoted in our papers, for it contains no reference to Nietzsche as the soldier's hand-book) is simply an out-and-out denial of the charges, and a despairing reference to Rolland's "clouded judgment" and inability to see the facts except with "French eyes." But how can such men be blind to what appear to us the hard facts regarding German aggressiveness and German atrocities and lawlessness? Well, unfortunately, no facts are so hard but that patriotic and interested selection can mould them into the desired shape. The actual German mind is not centred in our White Papers, which are not circulated, or in Bernhardi or other theorists. It merely takes what is comfortable and inspiring alike for motives and for events. However preposterous it sounds to us, for the German people this is a defensive war, primarily against the long-laid designs of France and Russia, though the bitterest feelings are directed against England for our "treachery"! It simply enrages English readers to read expressions of pity for Belgium from Germans, for the people they have so foully and brutally maltreated. But how is the ordinary German to know the crimes he has committed? The "Berliner Tageblatt" is quite a respectable paper. It devotes some space to atrocities. But they are assigned to Russians in East Prussia, to Belgian peasants, and, occasionally, to Frenchmen. German soldiers are so well-disciplined that they do not commit atrocities! It is the enemy that uses dum-dum bullets, fires on white flags, and abuses the Red Cross, mutilates or assassinates wounded soldiers, shells ambulances, assaults women and children, sets villages on fire for sheer wantonness, and brutalizes in every way the art of war! So far as material destruction is concerned, we have the evidence of



the photographer and the admission of the German commanders that these things have been done in the course of the Belgian invasion. But Germans at home believe that these charges brought against them are wicked calumnies, the products of "lie-factories in Paris and London." They conduct the war in a civilized fashion: but those Russians, Belgians, and French are capable of anything! A replica of almost all our German atrocities is to be found in these German newspapers, imputed to their enemies with the same vivid detail, the same emphatic testimony. What, then, of the flagrant and admitted enormities of Louvain, Termonde, Visé, and all the rest? When once the passion of war compels you to believe that your own countrymen alone tell the truth, and that the enemy is capable of any depth of mendacity, it is easy enough to dispose of such charges. And this is how the Germans feel. These charges do not convince them of German barbarity, but of French, English, Belgian malice. Have they not made thoroughly reliable (i.e., German) investigations into the treatment of Belgium?

Indeed, one of the most curious documents is a full formal report of "Belgium under German Government," by Dr. Helfferich, director of the Deutsche Bank. Admitting that certain places are "completely destroyed," the writer explains that in every case this is due to the fact that battles took place there, or to the "treacherous attacks" of the inhabitants following a "peaceful capitulation." Where no fighting or "treachery" took place, the country is undisturbed, save for the destruction of bridges and other military operations by the Belgian forces. A concise statement of the nature of the "treachery" employed in Lüttich, Ardennes, Dinant, and other places is given, which to the patriotic German reader must appear completely con-

vincing. A similar whitewashing is applied to the larger instance of Louvain by a special correspondent of the "Frankfurter Zeitung." Every good intention to "spare as much as possible" the lives of the inhabitants and the public buildings was frustrated by a "delusive momentary hope" of the inhabitants, who "thought they could help to a complete victory the successful sortie reported to have taken place from Antwerp." And, after all, with the single exception of the library and the roof of St. Pierre, none of the ancient and really valuable buildings have been destroyed! The true note of "culture" comes out in the sentence, "It was for the most part private houses, modern buildings of banal architecture, that were destroyed in Louvain." Really an aesthetic purification by fire! One must conclude that the German public is thoroughly convinced by an overwhelming weight of testimony that no "hardships" have been inflicted on Belgium or in France, except such as were "necessary."

No less self-satisfactory are the accounts of the internal condition of Germany given by this efficient press. The ease and enthusiasm with which the German war loans are subscribed are cited as convincing evidence of the financial superiority of Germany over Governments which are driven to such shifts as "moratoria," and which dare not express their nakedness and unpopularity by open appeals for the financial support of their people. No whispers of any shortage of food supplies, or any serious failure in trade or employment, are heard through the press. Fed with liberal allowances of military success (all reverses concealed or explained as tactical operations) the German people have been kept in good heart throughout the war. For this act of encouragement, and the necessary "treatment" of the truth which it involves,

belong to the efficiency of the German State, which has shown psychological  
The Nation.

cal generalship of high merit in the performance of their task.

### THE CANT OF CAUTION.

What a nefarious little person is the captious critic! His watchword is caution, and he goes about damping down the fires of enthusiasm, only happy when he can hear some aspiring little flame fizzling out. At present he is enjoying himself hugely. All good people are registering rash vows to be of some use at a supreme crisis, and he is busy explaining to them in detail that it is of no sort of good for them to try. All their attempts, he would have them believe, are defeating themselves. They had better do nothing than what they are doing, he persuades them. Their efforts are involving a very great risk. A woman cannot so much as make a shirt for a sick soldier but he is down upon her. "Here is she," he declares, "busily taking the bread out of the mouth of a seamstress. Put the work down at once!" he commands, and nervous listeners comply. Determined not to be altogether balked, they turn their attention to something else. They give their time to Red Cross work or to seeing after the soldiers' wives and children. They write reams of letters, they walk miles upon miles, they split their heads with thinking hard for those who, it may be said without injustice, seem incapable of thinking for themselves. In like anxiety with the women they visit, they offer sympathy and sustenance as best they may. "Was ever such folly!" says the captious critic. "Here are armies of clerks and half-trained nurses out of work. Let them write and walk and talk and think, and make a living thereby at the same time." "We thought we were doing right," plead

the workers. "The work is very arduous. We are not doing it for pleasure, even if we are doing it for love." "Sentimental nonsense!" says the captious critic. "You ought to pay a substitute to do it for you," and off he goes to see whether he can discourage a few men. "What are you doing?" says he. "Trying to get your servants to enlist! It is very unlikely that they will. You are just putting more men out of work for the country to maintain." Then, as they explain their good intentions, he begins to "cold-water" some one else's efforts. "Here are you keeping on men to do your work who ought to be at the front," he shouts. "But we are keeping them on at a great sacrifice because we thought it right," they reply. "Right indeed!" says the critic. "It's you mistaken rightdoers who do half the harm that is done in the world!" The captious critic, however, is not as successful with men as with women. Sometimes when he has been talking only a very short while they will tell him to go and be hanged, and they will patiently get on with what they are doing. Women are more easily made to doubt, especially if they are women of leisure. They are not accustomed to use their whole energies. Just now they would gladly do so, but as they start to work betimes in the morning they find the road picketed by captious critics. The great Trade Union of substitutes forbids free labor, the pickets explain, and a few women creep home convinced, while others push on to work hampered by doubt.

All these objectors have been answered long ago in Bastiat's *Sophismes*

*Economiques*, but it is to be feared not so many people read that immortal book as could be wished. Those who have read it "know the end of these men." They know that they and their arguments must perish with the machine-breakers of old. They are as logical and as short-sighted as a doctor would be who refused to make public a cure lest he threw the faculty out of work. In the professional economy of the doctor the consumer has always taken his right place, and work has always been a means to an end. To suggest that the medical profession could feel otherwise would be, as Bastiat says, to be guilty of *lèse humanité*. It is the most curious instance in the world of the power of the heart to enlighten the head.

But quite apart from the doctrines of political economy, surely it is not fair to declare war on wealth by insisting that the rich should idle. Certainly where women are concerned this is the logical conclusion of the arguments of the captious critic. Unless we are prepared to say that the rich have no right to any virtues at all—and surely a monopoly of virtue is a monopoly that even the most ardent of old-fashioned protectionists could never uphold—we must not put obstacles in the way of their industry. Can we really ask them to sit with their hands before them at such a time as this? Are they to do nothing but touch the button and set some one else to work? As each man or woman becomes a little richer is he to become, to make it a matter of conscience to become, a little idler, of a little less use? That no one should do anything who could possibly eat bread without is a strange doctrine to hear from the mouths of those who constantly proclaim the sacred right to work.

Again, we must take the world as we find it, and the world is something of a snob. Every one who works for

nothing does something to honor that work. Work which none would do if he could help it is very naturally looked down on. It is in favor of every trade that some one should do it for love of it. Take the new profession which has obviously relieved the world of some of its burden of pain—sick nursing. Suppose that in the early days of trained nurses every well-off young woman, from Florence Nightingale downwards, had paid a substitute instead of working herself. Would the honorable status of the nursing profession have been what it now is? When the poorest of the poor alone followed it as a profession to what a level did it fall! The status of the governess has very much changed in the last few years, and salaries have gone up at the same time. There is still room for improvement, however, both in the position and the pay of governesses. Probably the thing which would help the profession the most would be that a few rich and highly educated young women should take it into their heads that teaching other people's little girls was the most honorable and delightful work in the world. There would be a great outcry among their poorer sisters, especially if they worked for nothing, but the outcry would be utterly unreasonable. Unpaid work is open to much criticism so far as its quality is concerned, but on that ground alone; and when all has been said, it has certain compensating advantages far from negligible in times of stress and emotion. Voluntary work probably touches the top and the bottom for excellence and worthlessness.

In the sphere of ordinary charity the captious critic is always at work. The charitable instinct—we mean the good impulse which leads to almsgiving—has withstood for many years the fire of criticism—not captious but sane criticism. It has come out of the ordeal

purified, but somewhat attenuated, and we are sometimes tempted to wonder whether it can stand much more cleansing without being consumed. This sort of charity is useless, that sort of charity is harmful, we have heard on all sides, and sometimes the instinct of pity stands in danger of destruction. The generous man has been cautioned by the professional philanthropist till he is positively afraid to put his hand into his pocket. At a crisis like the present the sane critic lets him alone, and ceases to moralize, but the cap-

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tious critic takes up the tale, and in his mouth caution becomes cant. The harm done by the ill-bestowed shilling has surely been somewhat exaggerated. It is difficult to go on believing that it is better to refuse where one ought to give than to give where one ought to refuse, worse to bestow a shilling wrongly than wrongly to refuse a pound. It is an ungracious dogma—which rich men believe in times of peace and plenty, and all men begin to doubt when distress comes near to themselves.

### THE MUSIC OF WAR AND PEACE.

When we say that march music stirs the blood we do it and ourselves an injustice. It stirs something deeper than that in us; for soldiers on the march, singing as they go, are life itself become music, and it is as if a symphony of Beethoven had turned from art into fact. There we see men still men, but all made one in fellowship, with one impulse sounding in their tramp and in their voices. Yet, though they are men, they are no longer individuals, each thinking of his skin or his stomach, but rather notes of a great tune that are lost in its certainty and singleness of purpose.

So when we see and hear them we wish that all life were a march and all mankind an army with this concord and simplicity of duty; and that is the reason why nations so often seem to go wild with delight when war is declared. They feel then that their whole life is lifted and unified by a great common purpose. The nation becomes one, and the city mob, at other times so aimless, so frivolous, so much at odds with itself, lives as if it were marching to music, as if it were itself music. In a moment it escapes from the meaningless routine imposed upon

it by the struggle for life, from all the separate little duties that make little conflicts between man and man. There is the enemy massing on the frontier, and here is the nation in one mass and one brotherhood moving against them. The petty strifes of no issue and no import change into one momentous struggle that must be lost or won. History is making itself before men's eyes, and they themselves are a part of it. No wonder, then, that they should give themselves up to a great holiday of the emotions; and though this may express itself basely, as is the way of mobs, in the wrecking of embassies and the pelting of foreigners, yet it is not all base, and even in Berlin it means something more than hatred or vanity or self-deceiving panic.

But this very rapture of escape from routine is a sign of failure in life, a proof that the routine is something to be escaped from at all costs. War is the one chance of collective happiness for an aimless society, as love is the one chance of private happiness for an aimless man. In both cases a bodily instinct supplies the impulse and makes both for the moment aware of

their souls; and both sink back into their aimlessness as soon as the impulse is spent and the instinct satisfied. But a man who knows the adventures of the mind and the spirit does not find his soul and lose it again with this single adventure of love; nor does a society that knows how to live when at peace find its soul and lose it again with the single adventure of war. And here is a lesson for those eager pacifists who try to make us love peace by talking of the folly and the horrors of war. We shall only love peace when we have made it worthy of our love. Until then there will still be a narrow truth in the saying, "*Si vis pacem, para bellum.*" But that must give way to the greater truth that if you would have peace you must make it finer than war. And there is something to be learnt from war, from its discipline, and sacrifice, and concord, of what peace ought to be.

For instance, there was that letter which a private soldier sent to the father of an officer who was killed in action at Landrecies. "He was a gentleman and a soldier. The last day he was alive we had got a cup of tea in the trenches, and we asked him if he would have a drink. He said 'No; drink it yourselves; you are in want of it.' And then, with a smile, he added, 'We have to hold the trenches to-day.'" And the letter ends, "He died doing his duty and like the officer and gentleman he was." We have often heard the words "an officer and a gentleman" used in peace time, and perhaps they seemed to us only a pompous phrase. But in this letter written from the front they are full of meaning. To be a gentleman there is not a class distinction, not a matter of custom, or dialect, or dress, or money. It is to be a leader in whom the led have faith because he makes his duty harder than theirs and thinks

of that, not of his superiority. So he can lead them with a smile, "like the officer and gentleman that he is."

But if peace is to make us forget the glory of war, it must be a peace in which the word "gentleman" will keep that fullness of meaning; so that, when it is used of a man, it may give him that joy which it must have given to that father when it was so used of his son. We know what is thought of an officer who is lazy and considers his own comfort in the field; but a gentleman in peace time can be lazy and consider nothing but his own comfort, and he will still be thought a gentleman and think himself one. No one expects such a man to be a leader because he is rich or has spent many years in learning, and few would have faith in him if he led. He is tested by nothing except his customs, his dialect, his dress, and his money. The most the poor expect of him is a civil tongue and a careless generosity in trifles; for these things they call him a gentleman, and often there is an indulgent contempt in their use of the word.

Well, war does us this good at least—that it makes us suddenly aware of the difference between a gentleman at his club and a gentleman in the trenches. Beautiful things happen between officers and men when the British Army is at war, and it brings the tears to our eyes to hear of them. But it is not enough to feel these fine emotions and because of them to say that war is not all an evil. That is so only if war teaches us how to make a finer peace and one that will cure us of all desire for war; a peace in which gentlemen will prove themselves, as these officers proved themselves, and if they do not they will lose the name of gentlemen. In war, too, there is a chance of great adventures for all men, rich and poor; and the poorest



can be a hero. But we must make a peace in which the poorest will have a chance of the adventures of the mind and spirit, and in which all men will know that these are worth more than riches or the respect now given to riches. We know how the French soldiers of the Revolution fought, because it was said that each of them had a field-marshal's baton in his knapsack. In peace our poor ought to be like those armies of the Revolution, with the same sense of purpose in their lives and a great chance before them. Then peace would not be the negative thing it is now, but positive and filled with its own adventures, because of which no one would desire the adventures of war. Order to us now means a state in which the poor demand no more than is given to them and the rich can enjoy their riches without fear. It should mean an order like that of armies in the field, made by the tie between leaders and led, the tie of a common duty and a common opportunity. It should be the order, not of aimlessness and stagnation, but of purpose and advance. Then war would be merely a distraction from that purpose and a check to that advance, and men would be as impatient of it as if it were a noise breaking in upon music.

We spoke of the adventures of peace, adventures of the mind and spirit. Most men know so little of these that to them the artist, the philosopher, the saint, the man of science are not adventurers at all. They cannot believe in the exultation of victory where there is no enemy, in the thrill of discovery where there are no material obstacles to overcome. To them, and we cannot wonder at it, work is all part of the struggle for life and of the routine imposed upon

men by that struggle; and peace means that routine unbroken and uninspired. They may try to escape from it by gambling, by sport, by debauchery, by all the varieties of what we are pleased to call pleasure, and finally by war. But there is another escape, possible now to our civilization with its new command of all the forces of nature, an escape into the freedom of the mind which art and thought and religion offer to us. But what have we done yet with all our power to make that freedom possible to all? The great mass of men, it is thought, should exercise their moral faculties, for by means of them order is preserved among us, but not their artistic or their intellectual. These are to be exercised only by the well-to-do. Yet how little even they exercise them in proportion to the opportunities given them by leisure and education. How constantly they refuse all the adventures of thought and emotion which the universe and its unfathomed harmonies offer to them. How can we have time for war among ourselves when there is infinity before us to be felt and probed in so short a span of life, when we have the power to create another world of art with all the hopes and desires of men shaping it and sounding through it? If we saw our opportunity, and if it were open to all of us, we should have no time for war, and there would be an end among us of all fictitious distinctions, as there is in war itself, where the common man is no more thought of as a vulgarian or a fool but has his part in the music of the march and the glory of his country. So, then, he would have his part in the music of peace and in a glory of victory which meant no shame to any vanquished.

## THE GERMAN ATROCITIES.

It is very difficult to keep one's temper and one's head in the face of the abominations daily committed by the German armies ever since their first cynical violation of the Belgian frontier. Yet it is very necessary to do so in order that these offences against the common code of Europe may be fully investigated and rightly discriminated, that the responsibility for them may be justly affixed, and that, when the time comes, they may be adequately punished.

To this end there are two things which must be carefully avoided. One is the ready acceptance of melodramatic stories based upon no solid evidence, and in some cases patently false; another is the encumbering of the perfectly clear and demonstrable case to be made against Prussian methods of warfare with the ordinary recriminations and accusations of foul play which almost every war produces. Unless such errors are avoided there may be a real danger of people dismissing all the accusations against the German conduct of the war as false or grossly exaggerated, and coming to the conclusion that nothing more has happened in this war than has happened in every war. As a matter of fact a great deal more has happened. For the first time we have seen a professedly civilized European nation relying deliberately on atrocities committed against a helpless civilian population as a weapon wherewith to achieve military success.

Nothing could suit the purposes of the Prussian Government better than the circulation and the acceptance of stories of "atrocities" which could subsequently be proved to be false. Indeed, it is more than likely that secret German intrigue has largely co-operated with private fraud and picturesque journal-

istic imagination in the propagation of such stories. It is our duty to be on our guard against them, and the best security will be found to be a refusal to believe tales which are on the face of them incredible. The now notorious story of "Nurse Hume" is a case in point; as told, it was, patently impossible, and ought not to have imposed on anyone. There are stories not yet disproved concerning which we advise a similar caution—the story of the murdered boy scout, for instance, which is said to have reached us from a German source. Not that things as bad or worse have not been admittedly done by the German troops, but the form in which the narrative reached us, together with many of its details, raises a doubt in the mind. Our case is so strong that it is unwise to include in it any elements concerning which doubt is possible.

For the same reason it is well not to lay too much stress on such charges as that of abusing the White Flag or of firing on the Red Cross. Such charges are often honestly made and honestly denied. They were made and denied by both sides during the Boer War. The discrepancy generally arises from the confusion inseparable from a battle. We do not say that the Germans have not deliberately made treacherous use of flags of truce and have not deliberately fired on the wounded. Both proceedings would be thoroughly consonant to Prussian morals. We only say that it would be well not to base our general accusation on such stories.

That accusation is based upon a solid mass of testimony which includes not only the facts carefully collected and verified in the official Belgian report, not only such plain and undeniable events as the destruction of Louvain,

the gutting of Malines and the bombardment of Rheims Cathedral; but the avowals and public proclamations of the German authorities themselves. And all this evidence points to one clear conclusion. That conclusion is that the German authorities have ordered the commission of atrocities and have relied on their effect as part of their plan of campaign.

There is nothing in this that ought to surprise Europe. It has been avowed in every German military text book that an army operating in a hostile country must seek to protect itself by creating a certain measure of terror among the inhabitants. As to the exact means by which such terror is to be scattered the text books are generally silent. But the meaning was perfectly clear to the German commanders, and was soon clear enough to the soldiers who were ordered to carry out, and did carry out, the odious system of intimidatory massacre indicated.

The case of Belgium is easiest to examine, though it is important to remember that what was done in Belgium has been done in those parts of France which the German army has traversed, and would assuredly be done in this country if those armies should effect a landing here.

Those who are directing the German plan of campaign were desirous of having at their disposal as powerful an army as possible for the purpose of striking a rapid and decisive blow against France. They were therefore unwilling to leave behind more men than were absolutely necessary to guard their communications. They determined to guard them in another fashion, by making a series of frightful examples wherever their communications were in danger. If such examples were not forthcoming they could easily be manufactured. If any resistance was offered by the native population to the

invaders, such resistance must instantly be punished by a wholesale massacre of innocent non-combatants, as well by the burning of towns and villages. If no resistance was offered, it was still easy to pretend that it had been offered, and to perpetrate similar massacres and burnings as a warning for the future. Horror being the effect deliberately aimed at in these proceedings, it became a distinct advantage to accompany death wherever possible by torture and to include as many women and young children as possible in the hecatomb. The same reason may account for the special singling out of priests for military murder.

Beside such abominations the bombardment of undefended towns (though grossly a violation of the laws of war) and the destruction of ancient churches and venerated public monuments seem a comparatively small matter. But the object is the same. It is to make the position of the hostile population so intolerable as to induce it to prefer surrender to further resistance.

It is clearly unnecessary to discuss such a policy in relation to Christian morals. It is equally profitless to discuss it in relation to international law. Prussia is, and has been, ever since the time of Frederick the Great, an atheist State, and the German Empire and especially its army, is now thoroughly Prussianized. As to international obligations, we all know that the present rulers of Germany avowedly regard them as "scraps of paper." It is none the less obvious that if any European nation is allowed to pursue such a policy unpunished, the public law of Europe and the system of morals accepted by Europe are alike destroyed.

The French have made an excellent beginning by bringing to trial and punishing German prisoners who have been guilty of offences against the laws

of war. But to punish the individual German soldier who, in committing his worst atrocities, is only doing what he is told to do, and would certainly be shot if he refused to do, is a very inadequate way of dealing with the question. It is on those who order such things that the punishment should fall. The names of those officers who signed the atrocious proclamations which have been widely quoted in this and other papers,

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threatening death to admittedly innocent men if their demands were not complied with, must be known or ascertainable. Above all, those who were responsible for the general conduct of the campaign in Belgium and France must, when the arms of Europe have vindicated the supremacy of European morals, be called to account, and if found guilty, must suffer the penalty which the common conscience of Europe assigns to murderers.

### SOOTHING SYRUP OF PSYCHOLOGY.

It ought to be an obvious truth that in all the "social sciences," the selection, rejection, and development of concepts, theories and laws will be affected in no ordinary degree by the interests, passions, and prejudices of the immediate social environment. Is it, for instance, possible to doubt that the classical Political Economy of England owed its intellectual structure and formulas very largely to the interests and viewpoints of the rising manufacturers and bankers, and to the predominant importance of the struggle for Free Trade in the early decades of last century? Such studies can never be pursued with the same measure of "disinterestedness" as attaches to the study of mathematics, physics, or philology. The very material for the social sciences is not procurable in a pure condition, but always with a large alloy of feeling and sentiment, and the light in which it is treated is never "dry." Academic thinkers and teachers of these subjects, when these obvious considerations are pointed out, express genuine indignation at the imputation of such bias. But indignation is not refutation.

For the clearest exhibition of this inevitable defect of social science we must, however, look to Germany. For

there is a *naïveté* in German intellectualism that easily outdoes our more sophisticated process. Political authoritarianism selected and stimulated a "philosophy" visibly intended for the support of a strong despotic State. Historical erudition was poured into the cause of Caesarism. Economic science was early and easily diverted into the cause of nationalism. German academic thought may in general be relied upon to produce doctrines convenient to the powers that be, with such embroideries and vagaries of liberty as are required to cloak this deference and preserve the proper pride of intellectualism. The type is perhaps best studied in a single instance taken from its native soil, and put into a widely different environment. Such is the case of Professor Münsterberg, who has placed his intellectual services at the disposal of the United States in the capacity of general expert adviser. He finds a country full of undirected energy, of busy amateurs who do not know how to do anything with knowledge and exactness. He will furnish direction, and teach all sorts and conditions of men to be experts in their several lines. He will teach teachers how to teach, and preachers how to preach, judges how to try cases,

doctors how to diagnose, employers how to select and train their staff, tradesmen how to sell their wares, and stockbrokers how to speculate. But besides all this, he discovers in the latest output from his prolific pen another important function for the expert psychologist, to furnish soothing syrup for the social discontent which is worrying business men and damaging prosperity in America.

He propounds the prescription in an essay upon "Socialism" in a volume entitled "Psychology and Social Sanity" (Unwin). "The psychology of feeling is still the least developed part of our modern science of consciousness, but certain chief facts are acknowledged on all sides, and in their centre stands the law of the relativity of feeling. Satisfaction and dissatisfaction, happiness and unhappiness, do not depend upon absolute, but upon relative, conditions." "There is no limit to the quantity of desires. On the level of expansive life the desires become excessive, and only excessive means can satisfy them: on a lower economic level, the desires are modest, but modest means are therefore able to give complete satisfaction and happiness." "Some of my best friends have to live from hand to mouth, and some are multi-millionaires. I have found them, on the whole, equally happy and equally satisfied with their position in life." "The whole scramble for money's worth is based on a psychological illusion, not only because pleasure and displeasure are dependent upon relative conditions, but also because the elimination of one source of feeling intensifies the feelings from other sources." Why, then, should the wage-earner envy the capitalist? The one gets no more out of his life than the other. Let the worker once realize this gospel of the relativity of feeling, and he will renounce all desire to grow richer than he is now. He will realize that every man carries his

riches within himself. So, too, the lamentations over the painful monotony of daily toil are equally foolish, resting entirely upon "a psychological misunderstanding."

"It may be granted that many a man and many a woman stand in the factory day after day and year after year with the one feeling of distress and wretchedness at the hard work to which they are forced. But is their work really responsible for it? And is it not really their personal attitude? Who is doing harder physical work than the sportsman? There is no more exhausting muscle strain than to climb over the glaciers of the Alps, which thousands pursue with passion." All that is required is to infuse the laborer's mind with the consciousness that "he is serving the great ideal of cultured life," and "the work is no longer dead, but living, interesting, significant, wonderful." All this working-class discontent can be exorcized by getting the workers to take an intelligent view. "Give to the working man the right kind of ideas, the right attitude towards his work, and all the hardship becomes blessedness and the suffering glory." How Dr. Münsterberg can have the face to ply the American public with these shallow, platitudinous half-truths as the fruit of a profound study of "the psychology of feeling," we are unable to conceive. Dr. Johnson indeed asserted that "Happiness and misery are equally diffused through all states of human life," and Adam Smith that "In what constitutes the real happiness of human life, they (the poor) are in no respect inferior to those who would seem so much above them."

But to apply the doctrine as an answer to the claims of labor for a full share of what goes on in life, for comfort, leisure, travel, knowledge, family life, friendship, and enjoyment, is a piece of hypocrisy. In the first place,



it is untrue that wealth and the security it brings do not contribute to raise the fund of "real happiness" for those who possess them. To deny this is to convict the great processes of industrial progress of sheer irrationality. Again, while it is true that a right recognition of the social utility of routine manual labor may help to render it more tolerable, it will be an indispensable condition of this change of feeling that all others contribute equally to a service which cannot in itself be made agreeable, and obtain an equal recompense. To pretend that any change of thought can make tram-conducting as interesting as mountaineering, or can remove the physical exhaustion of a long work-day employed in shovelling coal or "feeding" rollers with steel ingots, is as much an abuse of psychology as any device of the crudest Christian Science. To suggest, as

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Professor Münsterberg does, that, because some natures are better adapted than others for routine and others for initiative work, we can acquiesce in existing industrial arrangements, and regard the present division of labor and of wealth with complacency, is certainly a "record" in "applied psychology." We can well visualize the audience of wealthy patrons for whom the following doctrine of "social sanity" was prepared: "No distribution of income can change in the least the total sum of pleasure and displeasure in the world, and the Socialistic scheme is of all the useless efforts to increase pleasure and to decrease displeasure the least desirable, because it works, as we have seen, at the same time against those mental functions which secure the most forceful progress of economic life."

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In four small, uniform books, the Funk & Wagnalls Co. publishes certain of the lectures which William Jennings Bryan, Secretary of State, has delivered at Chautauqua assemblies and upon the lecture platform elsewhere. The subjects are "The Value of an Ideal," "The Price of a Soul," "The Prince of Peace" and "Man."

In "The Commodore," which the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. publishes, Maud Howard Peterson, author of "The Potter and the Clay" and "The Sanctuary" tells a story of the life and discipline in the United States Naval Service. The "commodore" of the story is a youth who was given that title as a pet name in his childhood, and bears it up to the time when the narrative leaves him, at the beginning of his

career in the navy. The intimate knowledge of the naval service which the author has acquired as the wife of a naval officer enables her to picture conditions there more vividly than would have been possible otherwise. There are eight full-page illustrations by Alice Barber Stephens.

Mr. D. Lange, superintendent of schools in St. Paul, Minnesota, appears to be devoting his leisure to the writing of Indian stories for the diversion of boy and girl readers. At least, "Lost in the Fur Country" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.) is the third story of that type which he has written. It is the story of two children, twins, a boy and a girl, who are carried away by Shawnee Indians, and separated by their captors so com-

pletely that they do not find each other until they are grown up. The tale of their hardships and adventures in the interval is full of stirring incidents.

Grace S. Richmond can always be relied upon to give us a book which is wholly pleasant and agreeable, which is interesting, and which has a touch, never too strong, of excitement. All these qualities characterize her last book "*The Twenty-Fourth of June*." Here is a hero whose worst faults are lack of purpose, fostered in him by great wealth, and the habit of concealing his virtues. The otherwisedelightful heroine is just a shade too severe in her judgment and it is the breaking down of her obstinacy and the widening of her sympathy which constitute the struggle of the story. More worth while than the plot is the beautiful picture of American home life which we have come to look for in all of Grace Richmond's stories. It must be true that there are still such homes, and for a complete understanding of Americans they must be considered as typical as the tenement, the ranch house, the cheap suburban villa and the millionaire's palace, all so familiar to our fiction. There is room for more books like this. Doubleday Page and Company.

The complaint is often made that novelists are much more successful in creating men who seem alive than they are in giving women the same semblance of reality. Mary S. Watts has in the past proved her ability to create splendid types of men, and in her latest book, "*The Rise of Jennie Cushing*," she has given the world a heroine whose personality is equally unique and vital. Jennie Cushing was a little nameless street child in an Ohio city a little over a generation ago. Her girlhood began in a Reform School,

developed as she "helped with the house work" in an Ohio farmhouse, and ended in Paris when she realized the true character of her artist lover. What Jennie Cushing made of her life after it was apparently wrecked is an absorbing climax to an unusual story. Whether all readers will feel in sympathy with Jennie Cushing or not, none can fail to acknowledge a force of intellect and personality that are not often found in contemporary fiction. "*The Rise of Jennie Cushing*" is more than a book of the moment. It will endure for the fidelity of its picture of a certain side of American life and for the nobility of conception which is responsible for its chief character. The Macmillan Company.

Stephen Graham's "*With Poor Immigrants to America*" (The Macmillan Co.) is a notable contribution to the rapidly increasing literature relating to immigration. It has almost as keen personal interest as Mary Antin's "*Promised Land*" and, like that, enables the reader to see more clearly the motives which prompt the immigrant, the conditions from which he is fleeing, and the hopes and ambitions which he cherishes. Readers who have read the author's earlier book "*With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem*" will expect to find the present volume fair, discriminating, and sympathetic. They will not be disappointed. The book is all that and more. It is a vivid narrative of personal experience, for Mr. Graham made the voyage from Liverpool to New York in intimate companionship with the immigrants whom he describes. He accompanied some of them, when landed, in their quest for new homes and new forms of work; and his record of their hardships and adventures is as thrilling as fiction and a good deal more worth while. There are thirty-two full-page illustrations from photographs by the author.